

OCCASIONAL
A T T E M P T S
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V E R S E.

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OCCASIONAL
A T T E M P T S
I N
V E R S E.

Br W. C.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute.

MILTON'S LYCIDAS!

PRINTED ONLY FOR
THE WRITER'S PARTICULAR ACQUAINTANCE
(BY W. PENNINGTON OF KENDAL)

M, DCC, LXX, VI.

A P R E S E N T
FROM
T H E W R I T E R
TO

Mr. John James S

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P R E F A C E.

THE necessity of accompanying a printed volume with an introductory apology is never greater, than when it makes its appearance in a part of the world considerably distant from the seats of learning and ingenuity, where its novelty may possibly excite unusual attention, and its contents occasion the most humiliating censure. Every degree of knowledge and refinement in life has its peculiar foibles; and perhaps nothing can be more depressing and disagreeable to a writer, than the petulance of RURAL criticism. The most part of those, who here erect themselves into literary judges, being unable to form an opinion of a work from its intrinsic merit, generally regulate it by the *circumstances* attending the writer, or the *disposition* they may feel towards him; and where the former are not brilliant enough to command respect, or the latter of an unfavourable kind, it is easy to foresee the adventurous culprit has little to hope either from the delicacy, or candour of his verdict.

As it is probable, that time and chance may throw the duplicates of this collection into other hands, than those for whom they are now intended, the writer was led, for the above reason, to introduce them with something by way of apology, and to extend it to a length, which, on any other account, would have been very unnecessary.

Among other attempts of the pen, with which a lover of books may sometimes amuse himself, the author was occasionally induced to try his skill in poetry. Partly from a consciousness of the very limited opportunities of his Muse, and the hazard of suffering more from the ill-nature of criticism, than he could hope to enjoy from its approbation, but chiefly through a view of manifesting as little as possible an offensive desire to obtain some small share of literary repute, he at most only shewed his performances to two or three intimates of real judgment and candour, and then with certain strict charges of secrecy. This last reason operated so strongly upon him, that at length it occasioned an habitual reserve in these matters. Hence several of his pieces were never seen by any one, 'till they were going to be printed, and a most esteemed friend will find in the following collection an epistle addressed to him, which, though written above thirteen years ago, this *false* modesty, join'd to a knowledge of his *true*, has hitherto kept from his perusal.

A caution so singular ought not to be wholly attributed to the temper, or circumspection of the writer. He was chiefly led to it by the result of a few experiments he made at the beginning of his attempts; from which he learned, that the humblest paths of PARNASSUS were not to be trod by every foot, and that there were often many ways more likely to conciliate friendship, than to approach it with an offering of fruits and flowers, which it might be judg'd were not gathered together without some degree of profanation. Though the chillness of these receptions had not its desired effect, it contributed, with his native indolence, and the influence of a soil highly unfavourable to the shoots of genius, to make the writer less frequent in his devoirs to the Muses, than he otherwise might have been. Nay
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in this ungenial situation he often forgot, that he was on the list of their admirers; and for several periods, each of several years, he was so far from *sleeping with a poem in his head*, that he did not attempt to turn a single couplet. Though this collection may appear small to others for the time of its formation, he must own, that, on these accounts, he was not a little surprised to see it amount to its present bulk.

Having now reached a time of life, when some motives of action cease to operate, and new ones occupy their places; when a retrospection of youthful amusements may yield more pleasure, than those that are present, and when the encreasing ardour of friendship begins to overpower certain delicacies of juvenile reserve; when, on the one hand, experience of the world abates the desire of praise offered on inferior accounts, and, on the other, applause is less grudgingly bestowed, as it cannot benefit the views of ambitious *youth*:—Having arrived at these years, the author is no longer desirous of concealing his *attempts in verse* from the whole sphere of his friendship.—But besides the reasons which prompted to the undertaking, here briefly intimated, some others had their influence; and it may not be amiss to subjoin them with equal frankness and sincerity. As his profession in life formerly threw him into the way of several intimacies with worthy and ingenious men, which, from the want of personal intercourse, are now necessarily upon the decline, he is solicitous to revive their remembrance by the present of some small token of respect; and he fancies a copy of the productions of his own Muse (should it have nothing else to recommend it) will at least be of the sort generally allowed the most proper for this end, being something, which, though of little value, is nevertheless what cannot be bought. Esteem for present intimates, and gratitude

for past favours also demand their share in this design. And as the reciprocation of such like literary essays (when time has tried the sincerity of professions, and we are no longer within the reach of even *studied* mortification) always yields a balance in favour of our innocent enjoyments, he will moreover own, that his views were not unaccompanied with this species of gratification.

As a sight of these attempts is confined to so narrow a compass, it will doubtless be judged by some, that there was no need of their being printed, and that the usual manuscript form of communicating them might have been adopted with more shew of oeconomy, and less of vanity. Granted. But this mode would have been attended with disadvantages, which to the author seemed greater, than those of that which he has chosen. He has himself a great dislike to the drudgery of copying, and was as unwilling to occasion that trouble to others. And since we may peruse with pleasure what we do not think worth while to transcribe, and the loan of such essays to friends, generally through compliment, brings that trouble upon them, such a form of imparting his pages was inconsistent with his principal design. On these accounts, and a recollection of the number of mistakes, that almost unavoidably creep into transcripts, he resolved to have a few copies taken in a manner, which, though more expensive to himself, must contribute much to the *ease* and facility of their perusal.

That motives of the abovementioned kind, and not those of mere vanity induced the author to use this mode of distributing his verses, he fancies will appear, in some degree, from his having printed *all* he has by him (saving indeed the veriest *bagatelles*) that are prior in date to the last. For, had the credit of his Muse been
his

his sole object, he is very sensible, that half a dozen pieces might have been selected, which would have been of much more advantage on this account, than an indiscriminate series. We should not forget that the affections of the mind are many: And to the propelling ones, intimated above, some others equally inoffensive may be added in the words of an author, who, after scanning human nature with the greatest penetration, can depict its movements in the most efficacious language. "Our juvenile compositions," he observes, "please us, because they bring to our minds the remembrance of youth; our latter performances we are ready to esteem, because we are unwilling to think, that we have made no improvement; what flows easily from the pen charms us, because we read with pleasure that which flatters our opinion of our own powers; what was composed with great struggles of the mind we do not easily reject, because we cannot bear that so much labour should be fruitless. "•

After what is above observed, some will perhaps think the writer entertains a high opinion of the merit of his lines, and that he imagines they will atone for the tediousness of the longest introduction. This is far from the case. Few judges can be more sensible of their inferiority than himself. He is as far from thinking them perfect in execution, as important in subject; and if they be in general allowed on the right side of mediocrity, it is as much as he expects. The higher flights of poetry he was never daring enough to emulate; and while those favourites of APOLLO, who have *built the lofty rhyme*, enjoy the well-earned applause of nations, his ambition will be amply gratified in now and then being able to amuse a few friends in a corner of his native province.

There

There are certain sentiments it must be owned in some of the following pieces, which may not seem to every one wholly reconcileable to the design of these apologies, or free from the charge of a blameable vanity. This however will be judged of differently, according as the reader is affected to the writer, and conversant with the language of the Muses. Poetry, by the longest prescription, and the sanction of the most general practice, is indulged in laying open favourable sentiments concerning SELF, and an avowal of the passion, which MILTON calls *the last infirmity of noble minds*, with a freedom, which is seldom attempted in other language, because there experience has shewn it to be seldom forgiven. Undisguised pictures of the bosom, and not the ordinary exhibitions of cautious intercourse, are the delight of this art. The Muse is hence often designedly more vain, than the mind. And in pieces, written at most only for the perusal of a few intimates, and on occasions, in which immediate feelings were rather attended to, than the squeamishness of *unpurged ears*, these vainer escapes may be still the sooner excused. On these accounts the writer has no doubt, but every effusion of the sort will not only be pardoned, but read with pleasure, both by those who are thoroughly acquainted with him, and by strangers, who are versed in the science of human nature. In this instance, as in many others, we may observe extremes meet, and that the danger of animadversion lies in a middle class of men; those, who only half-know the author, or wholly dislike him; who are ignorant of the structure of his heart, or inclinable to misrepresent it.

The commemorative praise bestowed upon some of his relations will probably be open to a like censure, but which he thinks admits of a like apology. Though desert may vary in splendour and influence, it is not confined

confined to station; and the writer flatters himself, that the worth he celebrates was genuine, though he may have viewed it with too partial an eye.

Thus much as to the *matter* of some of the following lines. With regard to the *manner* of the whole, and other critical particulars, the writer chuses to refer them to the decision of his readers, without endeavouring to influence their judgment with any opinion of his own. For though in the warfare of authorship nothing is more common, than attempts at this initial prepossession, he thinks it best to omit what is perhaps seldom well received, and what therefore can as seldom be of any real service. One article however of a critical kind offers itself in this place, which he begs leave to sub-join, as it unfolds a distinction in poetical composition he has not seen particularly noticed, and from which the reader, if he should at any time condescend to amuse himself with forming an estimate of the characteristic properties of these lines, will find it easy to point out *one*, he perhaps might otherwise have either overlooked, or considered with less attention.

The constituent parts of a poem (or indeed of any other written performance) may be conceived these two; the general ideas, and their particular members: Or, in other words, the train of thinking, and the accompanying sentiment. Though both these articles are as necessarily connected as matter and extension, yet the proportion of their quantities (or merits) may vary considerably; and poets may be divided into two classes, according as their excellencies lie in the one, or the other of them. The chief strength of DRYDEN and POPE seems to fall under the latter of these heads, or *the accompanying sentiment*; that of MILTON and THOMPSON under the former, or *the train of thinking*; while the
late

late DR. GOLDSMITH has united them so equally, that it is hard to say whether is predominant. Poets of the first division seem calculated principally to touch the heart, and influence the affections. They invent and finish a series of expressive pictures, as it were, of a concurring and uniform cast, and by placing them successively before the mind, it at length feels what they would enforce, and receives a high and flattering pleasure from its own accompanying suggestions. These poets therefore appear to the best advantage in forming a *whole paragraph*, and on topics tender and descriptive. The bards of the second division will be found to address themselves chiefly to the fancy and understanding. They assemble together a number of ingenious and pointed sentiments, which, though they are not foreign to the intent of the poem, have often little or no connexion among themselves, and on that account rather teach the reader to *see* the subject, than compel him to *feel* it. They hence shine most in the *couplet* form of writing, and on satirical and moral subjects.

The growing refinements of life seem to have given our approved modern poetry the former of these characters, and to have brought it home, if not to men's business, at least to their bosoms. The productions of the late MR. GRAY, and his *living Friend*, possess this manner in a high and pleasing degree; and perhaps the best opening now for a capital and original poem rather lies in this province of the prevailing taste, than in those of the antient epic. The charms of the milder affections, when properly adorned, may on many accounts be to the full as pleasing, if not as powerful, as those of the heroic. Nor is there any foundation in the nature of things for concluding, that a first rate genius can only be suitably employed, when he is describing the carnage of battles, the toils of heroes, and
the

the revolutions of states. European manners seem now to be approximating to a situation, which will require a different species of poetical gratification; something applying to their refinement of sentiment, and their delicacy of feeling, their extensive and accurate erudition, and their final welfare, as well as their present prosperity*.—But these reflections lead beyond the business of this preface; and though the author does not consider its mere chit-chat as foreign to the design of his volume, 'twill be high time to bring it to a conclusion.

It is usual, in order to conciliate the candour of the reader, for poets to mention the early age, at which some part of their collection was written, and it is too often thought, that from these productions the genius of the author may be pretty accurately inferred. This would be true, if there were no such thing as acquirements of education. But as precision of taste depends much upon the frequency of its exercise, and the stores of imagination upon the extent of its excursions, and in different persons an equal quantity of these articles may fall within a very unequal number of years, the rule must be fallacious in all cases, where education and other opportunities have been considerably different. Those, for whom the writer intends these copies, are acquainted with his share of the last mentioned advantages, and will not therefore be surprised, that his pieces are not altogether juvenile, and that he can only boast a few of them were written in the last teens.

In

* As these thoughts occur, the writer cannot deny himself the pleasure of observing, that there is a poem now carrying on by a comprehensive genius, which bids fair to unite whatever is desirable in this idea, and which (as far as it has appeared) has met with a reception equally advantageous to the taste of the age, and the abilities of the author.—It will be almost unnecessary to say here, that the work meant is the *Minstrel* by Dr. BEATTIE.

In fine, and to put an end to this long harangue:— Though he is conscious that the *real* merit of the following attempts is small, yet, for reasons just glanced at, he flatters himself, those, to whom they are presented, will not judge them destitute of a *relative* one. But since he founds his hopes of a favourable acceptance, not so much upon what they are in themselves, as the consideration from whom they came, if they tend to manifest his heart susceptible of gratitude and esteem, he will be little concerned to find them accounted no tokens either of the abilities of his understanding, or the ingenuity of his muse.

W. C.

B——N IN K——L:

February 3d, 1776.

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. As the arrangement of the above pieces is (as far as practicable) by pairs agreeing in the form of versification, the succession of their dates is not regularly preserved. Yet, in general, one of the two yokefellows has a place according to the order of time in which it was written.

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OCCASIONAL ATTEMPTS

IN

V E R S E.

A PASTORAL EPISTLE TO

LUCINDA,

DESCRIBING THE PLEASURES, AND AMUSEMENTS
OF CHILDHOOD.

RELEAS'D once more from winter's icy chains,
Warm'd by the sun, and chear'd with genial rains,
What new-born joy the fylvan views impart!
What grateful songs pour out the shepherd's heart!
How thick inlaid with flow'rs the verdant mead!
How sport the lambs! How sweet's yon distant reed!
While tuneful birds, fir'd with the youth of spring,
In ceaseless notes their am'rous ditties sing.

By nature form'd with rapture to survey
Arcadian scenes, where most the Muses play;
Nor so deprav'd to let the spleen devour
The useful moments of a lonely hour,
At evening oft I from the world retire,
And, like fond lovers, secret paths admire;
Well pleas'd to muse, when o'er the glimm'ring plains
The pensive pow'r of soft reflection reigns.

B

Now

Now Fancy's stream meanders unconfin'd
 Thro' the bright prospects of the peaceful mind,
 And laves the shores, where visionary shades,
 And forms unnumber'd rove in magic glades.
 Here scenes of mirth in mimic shew behold,
 And future wishes glitter in their gold;
 There gloomy Sorrow troop in sad array,
 And Disappointment urge her thorny way;
 With every toy, that ease and health desire,
 And every art, which fame or gold inspire.
 Endear'd by this I launch the rolling tide,
 Each phantom view, and with the current glide;
 But, all at peace, the dark and forrowing Scene,
 Low tracts of Care, and dull desponding Spleen;
 The labouring Arts, soft Pleasure's wanton bow'rs,
 Fame's spacious dome, and Pride's high glitt'ring tow'rs
 Alike neglect; till last the sacred band
 Of absent Friends pour o'er the neighbouring strand;
 Then hail'd by them the ready shore I make,
 Indulge the scene, and of their bliss partake;
 Bliss only found, where Virtue warms the name,
 And souls congenial trembling catch the flame.
 But thee, LUCINDA, dearest far and best,
 With eager care I single from the rest;
 Then hand in hand stray thro' the dappl'd glade,
 And hold sweet converse with thy lovely shade;
 Recount the blythsome hours together spent,
 When school recess its dear indulgence lent:—
 Thus for a while each rebel care disarm,
 Well pleas'd, that fancy has such pow'r to charm.

O! cou'd I tune the sweet Sicilian lyre,
 And wake the strings to what these days inspire;
 Fondly I'd on the trembling minstrel dwell,
 Till kindred sounds betray'd the list'ning cell:

Not

Nor gueſts, when penn'd our flocks, my fellow ſwains
 Wou'd grudge an hour to hear the echoing ſtrains.
 But ah! ſhou'd Fancy's bright excuſive pow'r
 Rove each gay ſcene, and aid th' inraptur'd hour,
 I boaſt no ſkill its flow'rets to combine,
 And mold with grace the ſtrong deſcriptive line:
 Yet, as my Fair commands, pleas'd I'll eſſay,
 (My Fair's commands muſt needs inſpire the lay)
 In eaſy verſe attempt the rural ſong,
 And tell what joys to innocence belong;
 Tell, as the ſeaſons from their pictur'd ſphere
 Pour'd down the varied beauty of the year,
 What diff'rent pleaſures every hour enjoy'd,
 When infant minds their little arts employ'd.

In youthful Spring, when ſylvan ſcenes delight,
 And laughing fields with flow'ry paths invite;
 When feather'd partners build their downy neſts,
 And love's ſoft anguiſh heaves their little breſts;
 Thou know'ſt, LUCINDA, curious we wou'd go,
 And cull the ſweets, that round the meadows blow;
 The pearly ſnow-drop, and the primroſe pale,
 The lily fair, and bird-eye of the vale,
 The crow-foot, daiſy, vi'let ever dear,
 And each ſoft bloom, that gilds the riſing year:
 Then gaudily adorn ſome bended ſpray,
 Or deck our noon-tide bower profuſely gay;
 That calm retreat, where we of lovers' pains
 Wou'd babbling tell, and feats of village ſwains;
 Lull'd with the murmur of far-diſtant floods,
 The lapſe of rills, and whiſp'ring of the woods,
 The lark's ſhrill notes, pour'd thro' the liſt'ning ſky,
 And all of ſong the feather'd tribes ſupply.—
 Thus, though thy voice ſeem'd ſweeter far than theſe,
 The pauſe of converſe had its power to pleaſe.

In Summer gay, what eye uncharm'd can view
 Earth's gorgeous robe, and heav'n's unclouded blue!
 The rural dale with every sweet inlaid,
 And far-stretch'd plains thro' all their glory fade!
 When heat oppress'd, LUCINDA, now we'd rove
 Along the cool recesses of the grove,
 Or where the stream, o'erlook'd by tow'ring hills,
 Thro' dimpling pools by fits pursues its rills,
 Sit on the bank, and for some quaint design
 The pliant rush in artful models twine;
 Or, more expert, with hook deceitful draw
 The quick-ey'd rovers from the lake below.
 But when the ripen'd meadows grey appear,
 And hay-time blythly greets the toiling year,
 New joys arise: Our slender labours done,
 We'd round the cocks in winding mazes run;
 In shady paths more fauntring views display,
 Or harmless tumble 'mongst the platted hay;
 Till, cloy'd at length, we'd from the fields retire,
 And new amusements in their turns admire.—
 Apt prelude to the scenes, whose moral told
 Shews life a play-day, tho' its toys be gold.

In fruitful Autumn, see the landscapes round
 With beauteous streaks of mottled glades abound:
 See yellow harvest wanton in the breeze,
 And blushing apples glow on bending trees;
 The mellow pear on tow'ring branches born,
 And glossy plumbs their humbler stems adorn;
 While busy swains in chearful looks impart
 The secret joy, that swells the grateful heart.
 What scenes, LUCINDA, now must waste the day?
 What new device our trifling skill display?
 Warm suns inviting, where the bending train
 Of reapers blyth their jovial task sustain,

We'll

We'll on the grass a mimic feast provide
 Of choicest fruit on China's gayest pride;
 In various figures various dishes range,
 And spread the side-board o'er with change on change;
 Then dext'rous carve each well-replenish'd dish,
 Nor want a name that gluttony cou'd wish;—
 Thus ape the great, and, if a swain may guess,
 With more delight, and free from their excess.

In Winter bleak, how chang'd the once-lov'd scene!
 Dead are the flow'rs, and gone the lively green;
 Cold blows the wind, thick falls the beating rain,
 And nipping frosts pierce ev'ry tender vein;
 The feather'd songsters leave the pointed spray,
 Seek the warm covert, and forget their lay.
 Then farewell fields, and woods, and flow'ry glades,
 Clear-bubbling fountains, and cool-breathing shades!
 No more you charm, no longer smiles retain,
 But throw dark frowns around the shudd'ring swain.
 LUCINDA, now in angry skies like these
 The blazing hearth alone has power to please;
 Near which in harmless chat, and chearful song
 The dreary night we blythly pass along;
 Sometimes o'er heads-and-crosses attentive sit,
 Or with deep riddles try the ready wit;
 At blind-man's-buff our wary steps advance,
 Or trip like fairies in the nimble dance:
 At others, trembling read the fearful tales
 Of warlike giants, and enchanted jails;
 How sheeted ghosts oft tread the church-yard ground,
 And charnel vaults groan forth a hollow sound;
 How fairy-elves by moonlight have been seen
 In mystic circles sweep the dewy green,
 Then ride thro' farms on easy trotting dogs,
 And scatter pence in secret Robin's clogs.

Thus chat along, till *WILLY WINK-AND-PEEP**
 With drowsy eyes does down the chimney creep,
 And with his sheers disarms each pointed jest,
 Cuts short the tales, and warns us all to rest.

LUCINDA, thus our infant time was spent,
 Thus we were pleas'd, and thus the seasons went.—
 Hail happy days! when care nor sorrow tear
 The anxious heart, nor pierce it with a fear;
 When no repining Providence affails,
 No selfish view o'er social love prevails;
 Titles with vain distinctions fire the mind,
 Nor merit weeps her heaving pow'rs confin'd:
 But, blest with peace, and innocently gay,
 New joys attend each swift returning day.

A SECOND EPISTLE TO

LUCINDA,

IN WHICH THE WRITER DISCOVERS HIS LOVE FOR HER.

LATE o'er the trembling lyre, at your command
 With smiles enforc'd, I drew my artless hand;
 In numbers, such as shepherds may resound,
 I sung the joys our youthful moments crown'd;
 Pleas'd to receive a theme so much belov'd,
 But better pleas'd to find its lays approv'd:
 A theme, LUCINDA, which with warmer fires,
 And weightier notes once more my Muse inspires.

O! kindly

* It is common in the country (some northern counties especially) to say, when young people are drowsy, that *Willy Wink-and-peek* is coming down the chimney to seize them; by which imaginary being it is likely they mean the same, that the poets do by *Morpheus*.

O! kindly hear me, nor condemn your swain,
 Because unbid he thus pursues his strain;
 For on this cast, like gamester's desp'rate ends,
 His happiness, his life, his all depends.

While you, LUCINDA, leave these hamlets fair
 For scenes of strife, and dark unhealthy air;
 Mock the quaint garb of some pale city dame,
 And prostrate fall at Breeding's awful name;
 Attend each place, by friends ambitious led,
 Where gay Confusion rears its brilliant head;
 Where unprov'd pert fops assail the cheek,
 And frowns strike dumb, if bashful Merit speak,
 Say, dear companion (if the friendly Muse
 May yet uncheck'd her rural language use)
 Amid those scenes, where pleasure constant reigns,
 Does no fond wish recall thy native plains?—
 No musing hour, nor dear delightful dream
 Transport thy steps along some favourite stream,
 Where fragrant woods compose a calm retreat,
 And prattling birds their well-known strains repeat?
 And when, at length, wak'd from the airy view,
 Does no regret the tempting scene pursue?
 No heaving sigh betray kind nature's pow'r?
 Nor wish for COLIN close the pensive hour?

Ah, dear LUCINDA! since that harsh decree,
 Which us disjoin'd, how oft I've thought on thee!
 How oft, as o'er the lonely heath I stray,
 Thy fancy'd presence cheats the tedious way!
 While near some rill, or old sequester'd grove,
 Methinks with thee I innocently rove;
 Once more with transport o'er thy beauteous eyes
 See pleasure quicken at some wish'd surprize;
 Or, haply if we arm in arm are spy'd,
 Thy comely cheeks with soft confusion dy'd;

While down thy neck thy tresses gently flow,
 In sweet redundancy, to the gales that blow.—
 I hear thee speak;—there's rapture in the sound;—
 Thy smiles, like sunshine, gild the landscape round.
 But when, alas! the dear delusion flies,
 What poignant sorrows in my bosom rise!
 LUCINDA's gone!—Away ye flatt'ring shades,
 Each bud of joy my fearful soul upbraids;
 My fair one's gone!—Perhaps some courtly swain—
 Ah why thus trifle with my growing pain?
 Why dubious thus far from my purpose move?
 Yes;—all unfold in that one word, I LOVE;
 Love with a fervour, which without controul
 Rules every movement of my tortur'd soul:
 Nor start, LUCINDA, when I own these fires
 Thy beauteous mind, thy matchless form inspires.

Ah! powerful Love, the bosom's softest snare,
 The wayward blifs of youth's peculiar care,
 What pleasing anguish from thy bondage flows!
 What frantic dreams thy magic bowl bestows!
 This hour, perhaps, with all her smiling train,
 Bright HOPE steps forth, and cheers the lonely plain;
 Where e'er she goes new verdure seems to spring,
 Fresh flow'rs perfume, and birds essay to sing,
 Unnumber'd beauties deck the landscape round,
 And joy, and mirth, in ev'ry scene abound.
 The next, DESPAIR in all her gloom appears,
 Blasts ev'ry charm, and fills the vale with tears;
 At her dread frown dark clouds obscure the skies,
 And ghastly spectres o'er the prospects rise,
 The sick'ning soul the sad dismay receives,
 And, lost to hope, in bitt'rest anguish grieves.

In such extremes, such is thy magic pow'r,
 Fond lovers waste the solitary hour.

Dear

Dear heav'nly maid, from whom this passion came,
 Think how I bear the soft consuming flame;
 Think how a breast, which ev'ry trivial care
 Too deeply wounds, must feel from sad despair;
 Nor chide me, if, its terrors to repel,
 My thoughts sometimes on brighter visions dwell,
 Fondly recall some smile, some lonely hour,
 Some tender look, when in our favourite bow'r,
 Which told me, as an angel from above,
 Such secret language own'd the God of Love.
 Ah, dear LUCINDA! when these thoughts prevail,
 When not a fear disturbs the flatt'ring tale,
 What darksome clouds from nature's face retire!
 What dreams of bliss my drooping soul inspire!
 Methinks at length, in spite of female art,
 You own fond COLIN best deserves your heart;
 With eyes of love, with all your heav'n of charms,
 Sink, softly sink, into his peaceful arms;
 Feel ev'ry joy his happiest moments feel,
 And all his sorrows with your friendship heal.—
 When night's chill vapours wing the dusky air,
 And weary shepherds to their cots repair,
 With lenient smiles, which cancel ev'ry pain,
 From the bleak hills you meet your chearful swain;
 Then thro' the eve your fond attention pay,
 While some past scene employs his rural lay;
 Some quaint design, our infant years admir'd,
 Some hour of love, which mutual warmth inspir'd,
 Some antic mask, around the hamlet play'd,
 Or moon-light revel in the chequer'd glade.
 Thus pass our time, in ev'ry eye approv'd,
 And as we're loving, be by all belov'd;
 Without a deed, which malice might defame,
 Without a wish, which virtue might not name,
 'Gainst ev'ry ill pure innocence oppose,
 And life's short day, blest with each other, close.

Thrice

Thrice happy day! (so were its drama *cast*!)
 Whose trifling morn in infant liking past,
 Whose noon-tide sun beheld more powerful ties
 Wind round our hearts, and joys sublimer rise;
 And still more strongly, in his setting ray,
 Saw friendship's lamp its chearful beams display;
 While calm composure in each faded eye
 Hail'd the last pang, which gave us to the sky.

Fond shepherd, cease; here end the flatt'ring strain;—
 These dreams of hope perhaps are all in vain.
 Perhaps this sigh prophetic tells too true,
 Thou to all joy hast bid a long adieu;
 That never more these bow'rs and rural glades
 Shall o'er LUCINDA throw their friendly shades;
 No more behold poor COLIN at the dawn,
 In health's gay bloom, trip lightly o'er the lawn,
 Happy to think, in some well known retreat,
 Ere long with smiles he shall his fair one meet:
 But robb'd of all his feeling soul holds dear,
 Life's tedious load in sullen anguish bear;
 Wander forlorn, with midnight sorrows pale,
 And frantic tell the winds his piteous tale,
 Till nature, weary'd with incessant woe,
 Seeks her last refuge in the dust below;
 That peaceful region, where no ills abound!
 No love makes wretched, and no tears are found!

Ah! lov'd LUCINDA! must this ever be?
 Must tender COLIN e'er such sorrows see?
 Must some gay townsman (envy of the swains)
 Engage thy heart and keep thee from these plains?
 No, happier stars sure wait on love like mine,
 And thou, ere long, wilt to my suit incline;
 Ere long with pleasure to these fields retire,
 And with new charms their drooping groves inspire;
 Once

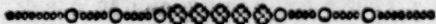
Once more with me among them fondly stray,
 And all my suff'rings with thy smiles repay,
 In kind consenting blushes own thy love,
 Cling to my breast, and all my vows approve,
 While joy forgetful tells me o'er and o'er,
 Thou ne'er wilt leave thy faithful COLIN more.

Tho' here, fair Nymph, what long my breast conceal'd
 This verse (love's language) trembling hath reveal'd,
 Yet still, methinks, thy quick discerning eyes
 Oft view'd my passion through its forc'd disguise;
 Oft saw thy presence tinge my conscious cheek,
 And looks embarrass'd more than volumes speak;
 Each tender proof, which silently could plead,
 Nor one left wanting, but what now you read.
 Then wherefore lengthen this intrusive tale?
 Long since you felt, if COLIN must prevail,
 And now his suit with glowing transport hear,
 Now o'er his suff'rings drop the softest tear,
 Or with indiff'rence, which no charm can move,
 Give only pity, where you cannot love.

My passion then, thou lovely maid, believe,
 Nor fear what COLIN says can e'er deceive.
 Tell me ingenuous, how thy faithful heart
 In this great bus'ness takes thy lover's part;
 (Nor seek coy forms; why should their doubts appal?—
 Sure our long friendship may despise them all)
 Soon as thou canst, its resolutions send,
 And sad suspense in one dread moment end.
 And if my suit that powerful interest gains,
 If happy COLIN in thy bosom reigns,
 Quick to his arms fly from the noisy Town,
 And all his cares in soft endearments drown:
 Haste, lose no time; the fleeting hours improve
 In all the joys, which spring from mutual love.

Till

Till then, ye shepherds, to your hills adieu!
 In peace my flocks your nibbling rounds pursue;
 Adieu! ye groves; adieu! ye favourite plains;
 Adieu! the pipe, which thus unfolds my pains.
 I from your charms must now reluctant go,
 And search for glooms more suited to my woe;
 Lonely and sad in pensive anguish wait
 For that dread hour, which wings me to my fate;—
 With heav'nly love rewards each anxious care,
 Or,——(can I name it?—) kills me with despair.



T H E
 MATHEMATICIAN AND HIS FIDDLE.

A T A L E.

NOT far from B——N liv'd a wight,
 Of genius rare, and TANGENT high;
 Well skill'd in physics, optics, statics,
 And fluxions (top o'th' mathematics)
 Cou'd calculate, when in the mind,
 What sum wou'd make a mistress kind,
 The bribes of bailiffs, by their griping,
 The fees of lawyers, by their piping,
 The doctor's care, by quarter pickings,
 Priest's prayers, by gratis ham and chickens;
 And all that copious list of cases,
 Which have self-interest for their bases:
 What kind of leather was the belt
 Of Jupiter he cou'd have *tell*;^{*}

And,

^{*} Provincial; for told.

And, if all's true such wits is said on,
 What point o'th' compass th' buckle laid on.
 Of needles he'd describe the shape,
 With greatest ease to enter crape;
 Adjust the sound-encreasing tin,*
 Or nut-leaf† to make greatest din;
 And such crabb'd things, which *entre nous*,
 Reader, wou'd cap both me and you.
 In short he had a subtle head,
 In all deep saws was deeply read,
 And might have gain'd a shining name,
 And rival'd TYCHO BRAHE in fame,
 But that full-tilt at every art
 His fickle taste by turns wou'd start,
 Tho' from his genius ne'er so far,
 And frown'd on by his ruling star.—
 Thus tost about, till unawares
 His beard was mixt with silver hairs.

A trip of his, as talk'd on still,
 Is at your service, if you will.
 'Tis really true, and neatly pen'd,
 Nor wants a moral at the end;
 May serve to waste an idle hour,
 And rob the spleen of half its pow'r.

I had it thus.—With fluxions tir'd,
 (Or in some deep quadratic mir'd),
 TANGENT took't in his head one day,
 He'd on the Fiddle learn to play.
 Straight instrument and books he gets,
 And Quixot-like to bus'ness sets;
 Not doubting to be soon expert,
 At what e'en ideots are alert.

But

* Speaking trumpet. † Alluding to the custom of cracking
 leaves upon the hand.

But mark the end; you'll find him match'd,
And counting chickens, ere they're hatch'd.

Tho' weeks and months, and months and weeks
This loving couple join'd their cheeks,
(Like other pairs) 'twas all false rapture,
And pure deceit toth' end o'th' chapter.
For when he scrap'd, the wretched din
Wou'd scare the rats thro' thick and thin;
With stopt-up ears boys shun the place,
And dogs howl round, by way of bass.

Thus foil'd, what pangs shot thro' his heart!
How did his bowels yearn and smart!
As if by instinct they divin'd:
Great ills for fiddle-strings design'd:
Nor vain their fears; for TANGENT's spleen
Vow'd vengeance on the cross machine;
As he poor man, like many more,
Ne'er laid a fault at his own door.
But ere resolv'd, he thought it good
To lecture the untoward wood,
And see, if they, on second hearing,
Cou'd matters bring to better bearing;
But 'twas in vain (like embassy
For peace 'twixt pow'rs that can't agree)
Each stood so much upon his mettle,
They knockt a fresh hole in the kettle:
Soufe went more fat into the fire,
And 'stead of peace their feuds flam'd higher;
Too high alas! for in the end on't
They lit'rally destroy'd defendant.

Sirs, if you'd please to know what pass
Between the parties at the last,

I'll give their learned *pros* and *cons*,
 Crabb'd arguments, and offs and ons;
 What fiddle jik'd, or TANGENT mutter'd,
 Verbatim wrote, as it was utter'd.

One winter night, when parish clock
 Spoke dismal things by single knock;
 When easy men, fast by their spouses,
 Forget what sparks frequent their houses;
 And in their sleep well meaning maids
 Talk much of sweethearts, groves, and glades,
 Our Don (kept up with skimming o'er
 What some strange fellow thought of yore)
 Bolt from his chair rose at the sound,
 And roll'd his half-shut eyes around;
 Yawn'd, shrugg'd, and then, like all great wits,
 Walk'd, whistl'd, stood, and sigh'd by fits.
 At last (ill Fortune standing by)
 The luckless Fiddle caught his eye;
 Quick at the sight, a waspish throng
 Of ills on ills (ten thousand strong)
 Rose in his mind. Now, now's the hour,
 Thought he, to shew the KIT my pow'r:
 The stillness round, that solemn knell
 Will aid my rhetoric mighty well.
 Then, like a threatning, fiery meteor,
 He frown'd upon the helpless creature,
 (Lying at length along the table)
 And thus held forth, while he was able.

" Well, master KIT, as I remember,
 " 'Tis a full twelvemonth this December,
 " Since first I took thee in my arms,
 " To feast upon thy heav'nly charms,
 " And sooth me with inchanting airs,
 " As Old-Age led me down his stairs:

" But

" But now I see, for all thy meek,
 " Persuasive form, and dimpl'd cheek,
 " Exterior gloss, and tempting middle,
 " Thou'rt but a damn'd discordant Fiddle.
 " Long, long provok'd by thy vile sounds,
 " My just resentment kept due bounds,
 " In hopes, that time, and usage kind,
 " Might make thee change thy *stub-born* mind;
 " But more thou'rt pamper'd with caresses,
 " Thy gratitude still less and less is.
 " And since with fair means we're no nearer,
 " 'Tis fit we try what is severer.
 " Therefore, if after fourteen days
 " Thou still maintain'st these restive ways,
 " Far other visits shall attend thee:—
 " Pray, think on this, and heav'ns mend thee."

At this, the KITT, on treble gut,
 Strung to A sharp, this question put;
 " Who's in the fault?" with might and main
 To set his pumps to work again;
 Slyly intending to lie by,
 And trim him, when his wit was dry.

TANGENT, who cou'd not bear to see
 A *vacuum* left in orat'ry,
 Fill'd in a trice his liquid throat,
 And this solution set on float.

" Let X and Y,—two brims suppose,—
 " In some gin-quarrel rush to blows,
 " And we th' offender wou'd find out;—
 " 'Tis demonstration past a doubt,
 " That, if Y's clear'd, it is the same,
 " As proving X point blank to blame.

" This

" This being premis'd, without much reading,
 " Much skill in logic, or much pleading,
 " The failing side will soon appear:—
 " Do listen KITTY and thou'lt hear.
 " Thus for myself. What do I ail?
 " In music's lore where do I fail?
 " Your SMITHS and MALCOLMS are with me
 " As intimate, as A, B, C;
 " All scales I can repeat by heart,
 " And solve each problem in the art;
 " Compound and split most crabb'd relations
 " 'Twixt diff'rent strings, and their vibrations;
 " Can set the barrel of the chimes
 " To chink as sweet, as past'ral rhymes,
 " And to the eye, in solar ray,
 " A tune on NEWTON's prism play.*
 " This for our parts. In order next
 " Our perfect limbs shou'd be the text;
 " But that thine eyes have seen enough,
 " To vouch their true Toledo stuff,
 " When late (in high heroic cue)
 " Thy dog-skin case to splinters flew,
 " And chairs, stools, tea-cups, thought it meet
 " From their puissance to retreat:—
 " And that they still continue limber,
 " May yet be prov'd on KITTY's timber."

C

Here

* Alluding to the prismatic colours being divided into spaces, expressing the differences of the lengths of the same string under the same tension, which sound the musical cords contained in the octave. And as melody results from a certain succession and continuation of these notes, it is not unnatural for a person of poor TANGENT's speculative cast, to imagine a kind of ocular harmony might be made by the different mixtures, contrast, succession, and continuation of colours exhibited against a wall.

Here TANGENT strok'd his chin, and smil'd,
 To intimate, where fancy's child,
 True Humour, waves her magic wand,
 My lineaments are at command:
 Ay, ay, let VANBURGH forge and steal it,
 NED SHUTER drive, and I must feel it.
 But soon this sunshine left his face,
 And frowns terrific took its place;
 Suiting full well, what for conclusion
 Our wight judg'd meet to this effusion.
 Thus it came off, and, drop by drop,
 Receiv'd each grace of pause and stop.

" I've said enough;—now who's to blame?—
 " A town's talk too, and boys cry shame;—
 " O damn'd ungrateful;—thus requited!—
 " Scarce half a tune;—by fiddlers slighted!—
 " Yes,—yes, tis o'er,—it is decreed,—
 " But one day more, and thou shalt bleed,
 " If ere it end no signs of grace
 " Of thy long stubborn tricks take place.
 " Thou see'st how fierce those flames entwine:—
 " Such are the arms, prefer'd to mine,
 " In which thy trunk unpity'd cast
 " Shall agonizing groan its last;
 " Nor shou'd all hell make me recant:—
 " When once resolv'd, I'm adamant."

Here some may think, the harmless KIR
 At these harsh threats wou'd take some fit,
 Turn pale as chalk, and die with fright;
 Or scream at least, with all its might;
 (Like fearful maids, in *James's* park,
 When dismal swords clash in the dark.)
 But such forget th' undaunted fires
 Which heart-felt Innocence inspires.

Of

Of this posselt, no gallows gleams,
 No halters yawn, amidst our dreams;
 No black-hole in the scene appears,
 Nor rogue-posts dun us for our ears;
 And, trudging home in darkest night,
 No owl's presaging notes affright;
 We seldom sheep for ghosts mistake,
 Nor of a cow the Devil make.
 When Conscience calls, we always wait,
 And share well pleas'd a *tete a tete*;
 Care not a pin for ropes and thongs,
 Nor Persecution's red-hot tongs.
 Thus, free from guilt's misleading sway,
 Life's chearful hours glide smooth away;
 And when disorder, or old age,
 Demands our exit from the stage,
 Death, in his shroud and scutcheons dress'd,
 Seems but a bugbear at the best;
 For when he pops his arrows slow,
 Their wounds, through time, scarce notic'd grow;
 And if they're sent at once in legions,
 'Tis soon good b'ye for better regions.
 Arm'd thus within, all mist his heart,
 And only prov'd a spur to start;
 Which straight he did with sly designs,
 And trill'd in *alt* the following lines.

" Sir, by your leave.—Your servant humble,
 " With patience great, has heard you grumble;
 " And since you've thus laid ope your mind,
 " I'll do the same, tho' not in kind;
 " Not with loud peals of verbal thunder,
 " Risque tearing of my sides in sunder;
 " But the true fault full gently utter,
 " Which causes all this wrath and splutter;
 " For KITS are all good-natur'd things,
 " Have, when well us'd, the sweetest strings;
 C 2 " Scarce

“ Scarce ever speak, but at a wake,
 “ And then ’tis for compassion’s sake;
 “ For who cou’d Ralph’s soft wishes eye,
 “ And not thro’ pity *kiss her* cry?—
 “ Know music then, like women’s hearts,
 “ Is ofttest caught by slap-dash parts;
 “ Shunning the man, that in his study
 “ Pores, till his brains grow dull and muddy,
 “ Forever droning, shilly shally,
 “ O’er NEWTON, BACON, LOCKE, and HALLEY.
 “ Ere this, bright Sir, I do not doubt,
 “ (Though halfconceal’d and halfspoke out)
 “ You’ve either felt, or heard, or seen
 “ The real impediment I mean.
 “ And though your late high-flown oration
 “ Might well provoke retaliation,
 “ Yet, as the Scriptures say we shou’d
 “ Repay an evil deed with good,
 “ In pity to your school-boy jeers,
 “ In pity to your tortur’d ears,
 “ In pity to all faults attend you,
 “ I’ll tell you what at once will mend you.
 “ Specific ’tis, I dare be bound,
 “ As many thousand souls have found;
 “ Has no bad taste, nor nauseous scent,
 “ Nor works its way by excrement:
 “ A sweat is all, and that so mild,
 “ It wou’d not hurt a month-old child.
 “ The med’cine’s this: Of some kind hand
 “ That can the fiddle well command,
 “ (Alike expert as merry ROBBIN,*
 “ At *Jays to Cæsar*, or *Ge Dobin*)
 “ Get a few worn-out Roman rings,
 “ That have been us’d to play good things;
 “ These

* ROBBIN P——, a noted fiddler in K——L.

" These shred to bits; then next procure
 " A kettle-drum, and water pure,
 " In which the cat-gut gently boil,
 " Till th' liquor look like Florence oil,
 " With sheets of solos, songs, and airs,
 " By th' greatest masters any where's;
 " As LAMPE, HASSE, PURCELL, ARNE, CORELLI,
 " RAMEAU, PUGNANI, and JOMELLI.
 " The nostrum cold, and shreds subsided,
 " And thick from thin with care divided,
 " Bottle the liquid very well;
 " And how to use it next I tell.—
 " Whene'er the fiddling fit again
 " Usurps the empire of the brain,
 " Each morning, soon as you're awake,
 " A spoonful of the bottle take,
 " A little warm, and then anoint
 " Your knuckles, and right elbow joint;
 " Refrain from books, drive care away,
 " And chat with females all the day.
 " When night's arriv'd, and you're in bed,
 " On HANDEL's works recline your head;
 " Let no dull thoughts your soul encumber,
 " But lapt in music let it slumber;
 " While from the fash, enchanting sweet,
 " Eolian sounds your senses greet;
 " And, tick-tack, tick-tack, to the chime
 " More sweetly still your watch beats time.
 " This for your physick.—Next your diet,
 " Like well-fee'd doctor, we shall try at.
 " Eat nothing gross;—I wou'd advise
 " Weak black-bird soup, and linnet pies.
 " Drink neat Canary, or soft mead,
 " And mix your tea with chicken-weed.
 " Do this nine days, nor doubt to find
 " All I've advanc'd prove to your mind;

" Feeling soft sympathetic strains
 " In mimic sound slide thro' your brains:
 " Then take me in your nimble hand,
 " I'll prove your servant at command,
 " Coming as near, as fix to seven,
 " Those airs which angels play in heaven.
 " Hence, Sir"—"No more.—By all that's good,
 " This is too much for flesh and blood,"
 All patience fled, broke out our Don,
 Who greatly nettled thus went on.—
 " What! must a feeble thing, like thee,
 " Pretend to wit and raillery,
 " Throw pertly out ironic taunts,
 " Sarcastic jeers, and ale-house flants?
 " And I (who have it in my power
 " To damn thy soul in half an hour)
 " Bear all with patience, nor chastise
 " Thy insolence in these replies?
 " No, no, my friend, a mistim'd joke
 " Has drunk the blood of him, who spoke,
 " Before to day.—But it grows late,—
 " The death-watch strikes, thou know'st thy fate."
 This said, with all the pith of ire
 He flung the Fiddle in the fire;
 Then made this speech (while cracks and twangs
 Pronounc'd poor KIT's expiring pangs)
 " 'Tis well in time I've put to flight
 " This whimsy, and nor day, nor night
 " Shall hence have dealings with an art,
 " Which only serves to cheat the heart:
 " For though 'thas charms to sooth the soul,
 " And all rebellious cares controul,
 " E'en make pale Sorrow, for a while,
 " Raise her low head, and seem to smile;
 " Yet when its witching sounds retire,
 " We but sink deeper in the mire.

" So,

" So, cobbler drunk himself forgets,
 " Becomes a prince, and pays his debts;
 " Confronts his spouse, and, for a day,
 " O'er all his moveables bears sway:
 " But sober grown, these joys take wing,
 " Duns pull his sleeve, nor mind the king;
 " The same crabb'd wife, the same poor shop,
 " And all old griefs full on him pop
 " With uglier looks by coming after
 " Such state, content, wine, songs, and laughter."

Now for it, Critics, all and some,
 Attend poetic beat of drum;
 And if, for authors e'er concern'd,
 Your pitying bowels kindly yearn'd,
 Assist one now in saddest plight,
 And lend one *puff* to aid his flight.
 He's really young; has just got wing,
 And only twice essay'd to sing.
 What he thinks hard and choaking notes,
 No doubt glide smoothly thro' your throats:
 But where the judgment lends a hand,
 There, there indeed he's at a stand;
 And there, by all it is allow'd,
 You soar beyond the sing-song croud.
 Hence, Sirs, 'tis hop'd, where this is wanted,
 A spice or two will soon be granted.

The calm harangue o'er KIR a dying,
 (You, patient Sirs, have just been eyeing)
 And eke the formal simile,
 That tips it off so merrily,
 All ancient matrons in the dale
 (Who yearly tell the favourite tale)
 Maintain, e'en to a word maintain,
 Was our sweet Fiddler's farewell strain.

Now, as 'tis 'gainst all sense and reason
 To similize in such a season,
 (When furious Passion takes the lead
 Of Fancy's sober sauntering steed)
 The question is, "Must rules have sway,
 Or stout tradition gain the day?
 Whether you really think 'twere better
 To stick precisely to the letter,
 And old-wives words-point blank oppose
 Against your BOSSUS, and BOILEAUS;
 Or, mindful of th' implicit throng,
 Who borrow rules to judge a song,
 Expunge the simile, and wire
 The rest o'th' speech a full note higher."
 Six months I give you to evolve it,
 In hopes that you'll not only solve it,
 But each remark and learn'd quotation,
 You deign to give for th' good o'th' nation,
 Far as you can, you'll slyly swell;
 'T may make a new edition sell.—
 Gods! 'twou'd be clever, and if so,
 Then hie for PATER-NOSTER-RROW;
 There with the printer, wine, and wit,
 Thro' many a live-long night we'll sit;
 Our souls diffus'd beyond the ken
 Of sober, plodding, earth-bound men;
 The sacred tomes of yore adoring;
 The spacious fields of art exploring;
 Or, rapt in extacy, repeat
 Some strain of MILTON, heav'nly sweet;
 While Transport hails each glorious name,
 Born on the wings of deathless fame;
 With Mirth hard by to aid the scene,
 And not a care to intervene.
 Thus wield the world, nor heed who know it,—
 Dear friendly critics!—HAPPY POET!

Things

Things thus agreed, we'll on our way,
And add the little left to say.

Soon as the above-nam'd speech was ended,
Our Don into himself descended;
Thought of his sins; tied up his head;
Sobb'd o'er his pray'rs, and went to bed;
Resolv'd, this foreign voyage o'er,
To fix upon his native shore,
(Leave fiddle-sticks to puppet-shew-men,
Young priests, young surgeons, and young law-men)
And all his future moments share
In science, solitude, and pray'r.

Determin'd thus, care left his breast;
Peace fill'd the void; he sunk to rest.
Straight visions pour upon his soul,
He sees new worlds, and planets roll,
Computes their orbs, and various laws,
And truths immortal from them draws;
Sees nature smile, her veil give way,
And all her shades confess the day.

When wak'd, the well known dream inspires;
Prophetic hope his bosom fires;
Hence sits whole days, as he did erst,
In curv'd enquiries deep immerst;
Or eager reads the truths divine,
Which in the great *Principia* shine:
That *apex* of the learned arts!
That farthest stretch of human parts!
But, tho' with more than mortal skill
He brusht up science' thorny hill,
Ere he attain'd the flow'ry top,
Death to his progress put a stop,
And quash'd, at once, his settl'd drift
Of giving art its greatest lift:

For,

For, if the Fates a few more years
 Had from his thread withheld their shears,
 The learn'd, who knew him, made no doubt,
 The longitude had been found out.

Here ends our tale. And now 'tis meet
 We add a moral to the treat:
 For view a cellar, without drink in't,
 A breeches pocket, without chink in't,
 A christmas supper, without roast,
 A dish of tea, without its toast;
 A fallad, lacking *sage* or *ferrel*,—
 So looks a tale, without a moral,

Be patient, Sirs, 'twill not be long,
 And then for business leave the song.

By this we learn, men's stinted parts
 In vain attempt the sum of arts;
 The genius of the fickle mind
 Being oft to one alone confin'd.
 A quick eye too may catch a hint
 At *virtuosi*, oft in print,
 Who, setting nature at defiance,
 Resolve to conquer ev'ry science.
 Now herbs they cull on mountains steep;
 Next swath'd in metaphysics sleep;
 Then, leaving politics and news,
 In rapture woo some heav'nly muse;
 With painting tir'd for classics burn,
 And from divines stock-jobbers turn;
 Anon in air-pumps smother flies,
 Or soar with NEWTON to the skies.
 Thus tho', like wits, they pant for fame,
 Too late they'll find they've mist their aim,
 The praise they reap but very small,
 " At no trade good, yet Jack of all."

When

When, if they'd zealously pursue
 The paths, where genius gives the clue,
 Each well-aim'd scheme wou'd meet success,
 And useful arts their labour bless;
 The sciences in wisdom's cause
 New truths unfold, and gain applause.

So, if a river's ample tide
 By drains and sluices at each side
 Run out to visit with its rills
 Gins, furnaces, and paper-mills,
 And, ever curious, love to stray,
 Where whirligigs are in the way,
 Small honour will attend its course;
 Its parted streams have little force,
 Steal unregarded to the shore;
 There swallow'd up be nam'd no more.
 But well-connected if it roll,
 No object can its pow'r controul;
 Bold o'er the plains its waters sweep,
 And glorious join the azure deep;
 Claim ev'ry eye, and, as they flow,
 In verse immortal brighter grow,
 (Thy praise, O Thames!) while deathless Fame
 Spreads round the world their sacred name.

THE



THE

POET'S SORROWS.

GREAT are the hardships of that man,
And well he may his planets ban,
Who for a meal, or emptier praise
In making rhyme consumes his days;
Exerting still his scanning wit
To make wild phrases bear the bit,
Observe command, and order due,
Like troopers' horses in review,
Nor with a wince break through their ranks,
When critic flies torment their flanks.
E'en I, who've only thrice essay'd,
Have felt enough to curse the trade,
And half resolve henceforth, howe'er
The Muse may smirk-it in my eye,
No more to warble-it in her ear,
But throw my dorian bag-pipe by;
And in plain prose, like much my betters,
Contented shew my skill in letters.
You smile, but in the present case
A tear would more become your face.
For farcical, as some suppose,
The tales of our poetic throes,
If any candour touch your heart,
If any faith its light impart,
If any cords of pity hold you,
You'll sure change looks, when this is told you.

In verſe when once reſolv'd to write
(Whate'er the cauſe, love, pence, or ſpite,
Whether

Whether the rythmus move along
 In epic strain, or humbler song)
 Not little mis, with shell-work neat
 To make her baby-house complete;
 Not greater mis, for masquerade
 To see her motley habit made,
 Feels more expence, and toil of brain
 Each quaint ideal end to gain,
 Than do the sons of tune and time,
 To build with skill the lofty rhyme.

For grant line, spade, and hammer got,
 Each rough material on the spot,
 We're scarce begun, the plan's to lay,
 And ground-work earth to clear away.
 In fixing huge foundation stones
 We long and long must risque our bones,
 And in most aukward lab'rins toils,
 Till all's got *clean* above the soil.
 Then, as the fair apartments rise,
 Whose tops ere long should touch the skies,
 Besides the fit attention paid
 To see each stone in order laid,
 Its previous hewing, surface fine,
 And all things suiting the design,
 No trifling care it must require,
 (If lasting praise our aims inspire)
 To put the whole so firm together,
 'Twill stand the worst of wind and weather,
 And, with bold front, bid bold defiance
 To time and tempest in alliance.—
 To drop the type, because 'twou'd ask
 Some stretch of thought to drive it thorough,
 In tints more plain, be't now our task,
 To limn a rhymester's various sorrow.

Suppose

Suppose we then, through wit or fin*
 He's for a poem fairly *in*,
 What supplications must he use,
 To win the smiles of wayward muse!
 For proper terms what anxious panting!
 What yearnings when a rhyme is wanting!
 How must he ransack round his head,
 For smart conceits of fancy bred!
 For wit, which like gunpowder flashes,
 And satire, dexterous at gashes!
 Or rhetoric, as smooth as glass,
 Or arguments, as hard as brass!
 Old instances, from ATHENS glaring,
 And images, like spirits staring!
 For neat resplendent similes,
 Which, like a mirror, mock what's near!
 And fifty more such things as these,
 Which might in rhyme but dull appear,
 And which, I know, you've fancy ample
 To guess forthwith from this ensample!

With many a sleepless night in bed,
 And many a toilsome scribbling day,
 Down many a rivulet's margin led,
 With much of moping by the way,

We'll

* Why did I write? what SIN to me unknown
 Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?

are the interrogations of a most sagacious and admired poet: As they clearly intimate, that *moral turpitude*, as well as *genius*, may occasion the *itch of scribbling*, it is hoped, that the reader, who admits the truth of this sentiment only with hesitation, will from hence gather no little satisfaction, that there is some slight foundation for it in the nature of things,—should he not have philosophical acumen enough to see its truth indubitably proved, in the innumerable literary pennances of modern times.

We'll next suppose, to bless his eyes,
 A finish'd piece before him lies,
 And that with fond parental pleasure,
 He contemplates his dear-bought treasure;
 And sees a thousand charms appearing,
 To pay the care and cost of rearing.
 If now, alive to well-earn'd praise,
 And panting for a sprig of bays,
 Or---(every vainer view apart)
 Through downright openness of heart,—
 If now, I say 'mong friends and neighbours
 He circulate his tuneful labours,
 In hopes, at least, that now and then
 They'll kindly compliment his pen,
 And say and look, and look and say
 Such pretty things, in pretty way,
 As will at once with transport double
 Reward each sing-song care and trouble,—
 He'll soon discover, to his cost,
 His reck'ning proves without his host,
 And that the pangs of poetry
 But change their mode, not cease to be.

I like that simile, says one;
 A second thinks two lines well done;
 A third can see but little wrong,
 Yet owns the work appears too long;
 Another is no judge, and hence
 To criticise makes no pretence.
 Thus with faint praise, or terms more plain,
 They curse the dear ill-omen'd strain.
 Though in his presence, and his friends,
 Scarce one with any warmth commends,
 Hints aught ingenious, aught that says
 The bard has earn'd his sprig of bays,

And

And that, when reach'd her full grown vigour,
His muse will cut a pretty figure.

Behind his back, or from his foes,
More free th' invidious murmur flows.
On aught they think deforms the strain
Forth fly their critic taunts amain;
Pleas'd to suggest, their humble views
Ne'er urg'd them to attempt the muse;
Though now it seems beyond dispute,
When wit 'gainst wit is fairly plac'd,
'Twas modesty that kept them mute,
And not the lack of voice and taste;
That did they will, and had they time,
Lord! how divinely they could rhyme!

When, in the progress of the lay,
Its better movements fall i'th' way,
Some throbs of self-conceit give place,
The smile triumphant quits their face;
They're some-how chang'd, and can't but shew it,
Though not in favour of the poet.
To chance they give each decent line;
'Tis stole, or copied, if it shine;
'Tis any thing, a lucky hit,
But knowledge, taste, and sterling wit:
Its gleams are only transient fire,
Struck by mere veh'mence of desire;
Not genuine bursts of lasting rays,
True genius without toil displays.
Thus, like those flies that feed on tetter,
When things occur that favour better,
Their stomachs turn, they're out of humour,
Till chance presents another tumour.

But

But if, beyond his little sphere,
 Our Author court the public ear,
 As his ambition rises, so
 His griefs proportionate will grow.
 For if, when by his country tried,
 Conviction foul his works betide
 Of self-conceit in ev'ry feature,
 Much ignorance of human nature,
 Of numbers harsh, and phrases queer,
 With specks of nonsense here and there,
 And that, as punishment most fit
 For utt'ring this illegal wit,
 His book is sentenc'd by the court,

The first day of some month that follows,
 To be expos'd for vulgar sport

On ev'ry town and county gallows;—
 Pierc'd through and through with wooden skewers
 By messieurs Mohocks, the Reviewers;—
 In such a case, from scoffs and sneers,
 And such like dirt flung round his ears,
 You'll think the situation hard,
 As any can befall a bard.
 And so it is, except indeed
 His labours happen to—succeed,
 And from their trial be dismiss'd
 With praise, instead of being hiss'd;
 While new editions, ev'ry year,
 Evince the verdict most sincere.
 For—(just to see how matters stand,
 We take the circumstance in hand,
 Though many a scribbler in the nation
 Might profit by the speculation)—
 A failing Author but provokes
 The petulance of transient jokes;
 While wit successful lasting ire,
 And aims more dreadful will inspire.

There, for a while, when *friends* have teaz'd
 Some fancy'd foible, all's appeas'd:
Here, sooner than they'll see his name
 The rising favourite of Fame,
 And Obloquy forego her dart,
 They'll wound his best, his *moral* part.
 Thus cautious robbers, bent to pillage
 Some lock'd-up house in neighbouring village,
 When of its destin'd spoil bereft,
 Will burn it down to hide the theft.
 As his abilities were prov'd
 But folly into fervour mov'd;
 So, with like sense and zeal, they'll shew
 His virtues all from vices flow.
 Full fast each fost'ring smile declines,
 He grows obnoxious to their pride;
 His favourite name their own outshines,
 And fall he must whate'er betide;
 Nor friendship's ties, nor honour's laws
 Their envious rancour can oppose.

Thus circumstanc'd, and so beset
 With dangers manifold and great,
 How must the Muse her foot-steps steer
 To keep from all annoyance clear?
 How gratify her love of rhyme,
 Nor wound her feelings at the time?
 How practice (where peculiar fell
 The busiest Fiends of Envy dwell)
 What ev'ry age, in ev'ry part,
 Has deem'd a rare ingenious art?—
 The answer happily's not hard
 (Tho' slightly known to modern bard)
 BE SECRET;—or to friends like J——s,*
 At most, reveal her sacred flames—

J——s

* The Rev. Mr. J. J——s, of A———T near C———r.

J——s, with manliest virtues grac'd,
 Adorn'd with lit'rature, and taste;
 Whose knowledge nice of human kind,
 Whose philosophic turn of mind,
 Whose social, true, and gen'rous heart
 (A foe to each uncandid part)

In happiest league their influence lend,
 To form the Critic and the Friend.

J——s then alone, or such as he,
 Shall her secret warblings see.

They, whose bosoms love the lyre,
 Whose praise first fann'd the infant fire,
 Whose commendations will repay
 The labour of each studious day,
 Will be, while Friendship's smiles preside,
 At once my pleasure, and my pride.

And if from death, in after times,
 Some kindred Muse redeem my rhymes,
 (As well I wean, when Envy's dead,
 And back through time fond Fancy's led,
 What Nature wrote, though strains like these,
 Will still her genuine children please)

I chearfully resign all claim
 To present, cold, provincial fame;
 Content through life to steal along,
 Unnotic'd from the common throng;
 As if the Muse had ne'er possess'd
 One mansion of my feeling breast;
 Nor Wisdom's lore, nor Fancy's ray,
 E'er deign'd to cheer my humble way.

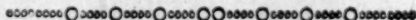
Thus Philomel, when midnight reigns,
 In some lone glade pours forth her strains;

D 2

Well

who, at the commencement of our friendship, and the date of these lines (1761) was head master of S——T B——s school.

Well pleas'd, though *darkling* she impart
The thrilling movements of her heart,
And not one music-loving ear,
Save Nightingales, have chance to hear,
Or feeling Bard, who quits repose
For thoughts her love-lorn lay bestows;—
Well pleas'd, if but these few applaud,
Though Fame still shun her lone abode,
And ever to the vulgar herd
She seem a simplish, common bird.



TIME ONLY CONQUERS LOVE.

A BALLAD.

WHEN Love first seiz'd my youthful heart,
 And taught its fires to burn,
 'Twas my hard fate to feel the smart,
 Yet hope for no return.
 For, far above my low degree
 Shone forth the beauteous Maid,
 And, lowly as that lot might be,
 My thoughts submissive stray'd.
 A flame, thus hopelessly misplac'd,
 What breast could long endure?
 'Twas therefore meet to try with haste,
 What could be done for cure.
 From REASON first, a preacher fam'd,
 I sought the wish'd relief:
 He smil'd, and much all passion blam'd,
 And counted love the chief;
 And said; "With none that *scorn* his laws
 The huffish God will stay:"—
 But, spite of all these reverend saws,
 He still preserv'd his sway.

The

The next to PHILOSOPHIC PRIDE
 (A wizard old)—I flew:
 He said; "I'd but my flame to *bide*,
 And it would bid adieu;
 That such fond ties, and sensual ends,
 Were much below a man:"—
 But this prov'd also, like his friend's,
 A mighty bootless plan.
 Still hoping to subdue my smart,
 I wayward ABSENCE tried;
 But still the Image in my heart
 Th' oblivious scheme defy'd:
 Nay, like an object view'd in mist,
 The greater seem'd its charms,
 And my fond bosom, ere I wist,
 Was fill'd with new alarms.
 Books oft were us'd—I'd fire my mind
 With scenes of Truth and Fame,
 And strive in passions more refin'd
 To quench the grov'ling flame.
 But fruitless too prov'd this device;
 Ere half a page was read,
 My Fair occur'd, and in a trice
 All other objects fled.
 Thus long I strove to free my heart;
 But all I did was vain:
 At length unhop'd, and without art,
 Off dropp'd the galling chain;
 And ev'ry sylvan object round
 Resum'd its power to bless,
 And my long burthen'd breast was found
 As light—as you may guess.
 A novice then, I little knew,
 That Nature, always kind,
 Herself provides what will subdue
 Each anguish of the mind;

That all the Nostrums puff'd abroad,
 To cure the love-sick breast,
 Are but the quackeries of fraud,
 Tho' sign'd *probatum est*.
 But now I've learn'd, what now the Muse
 From this short tale would prove,
 That TIME, which all things else subdues,
 Can only conquer Love.

RICHARD AND SUSAN.

AN ECLOGUE.

'T WAS on the BOON-TOWN'S* airy plain,
 Full busy spreading hay,
 A blithsome Nymph, and love-sick Swain
 Had half consum'd the day.
 The fervid sun oppressive grew,
 The cocks abroad were thrown,
 Genial and soft the breezes blew,—
 And they were all alone;
 When RICHARD, who for SUSAN cold
 Had long endur'd Love's smart,
 Once more was prompted to unfold
 The anguish of his heart.
 RICHARD, though doom'd to toil for bread,
 No trifling sense possess'd;
 And SUE, though high she bore her head,
 Had still a feeling breast.
 And he was more than fitting meek,
 She, like most maidens, gay;
 His looks whate'er he felt would speak,
 Her's scarce a thought convey.

Beneath

* Some fields so called near B——n.

Beneath a hedge-row's grateful shade,
 (While Art feign'd many a frown)
 DICK led the sly tormenting Maid,
 And there they sat them down.
 He felt the Genius of the place;
 Each fear was now subdu'd;
 So, with a previous bold embrace,
 He thus his suit renew'd.

H E.

O! what an armful now I've got!—
 And may I never move,
 If e'er I saw a prettier spot
 To tell a tale of love!
 Ah, SUSAN! true as I and you
 Are seldom of one mind,
 Love's cruel smart will me undo,
 Unless I know—who's kind.
 Nor day nor night my bosom's free;—
 But why repeat my case?
 Thou know'st it all, and that for thee
 I left my last-year's place.

S H E.

Methinks the pangs of this same Love
 Most people magnify:
 But, if I'm wrong, the Gods above
 Defend me from't, say I!
 However, since you know so well
 What torment 'tis to bear it,
 Do, DICKY, how you're holden tell,
 And I for once will hear it.

H E.

The best account, that RICHARD may,
 He'll freely give his SUE;—

D 4

And

S H E.

And she'll remember all the way
To lend attention due.

H E.

Yet be it known, Love's nicer smart
No language can explain;
To all, but the experienc'd heart,
Its portraitures are vain.
For who besides could e'er suppose,
That grief from mirth should spring,
That scents blown gently from the rose
Should aught like witch-craft bring?
From sunny gleams that shiv'rings chill
Oft through our organs run?
While warblings from the Black-bird's bill
Do more than thunder stun?
Yet so it is. And tho' 'twere vain
To dwell on qualms like these,
Some other signs words may explain,
And you discern with ease.
And first, a Lover has bad ears;
In th' middle of a croud,
The duce a syllable he hears,
Though utter'd e'er so loud.
If he's address'd, he'll stare, I trow,
Like one wak'd from a dream.—
But, SUE—methinks you heedless grow,
And half bewilder'd seem.

S H E.

The church clock has struck twelve, and I
To it was giving ear.

H E.

O! let time budge,—if thou art by,
Who heeds his swift career?

A lover

A Lover too has queerish eyes,
(To carry on the tale)
Now fix'd, like death,—now idiot-wife,
They'll round the compass sail.—
But on yon cloud why, dearest heart,
Dost thou so earnest look?

S H E.

I only thought, I saw a part
Form'd like a shepherd's crook.

H E.

A Nymph so beauteous, as my SUE,
Should heavenly ensigns bear:
But t'other bufs, and I'll renew
What you engag'd to hear.—
Now when some time our Lover's ail
Has on fond fancy fed,
'Tis odds, at least if hope should fail,
It will affect his head.
Eftsoons, with actions quaint and strange,
He'll deck his rambling talk;
Now through the hamlet moping range,
Anon, half-dance, half-walk.—
But why start up, my wayward lass,
And stamp thus with your feet?

S H E.

A mouse was rambling in the grafs;—
Pray, RICHARD, did you see't?

H E.

Not I.—But mouse, nor bigger thing,
While subject to my care,
Shall unchastis'd annoyance bring,
Or incommode my Fair.

S H E.

S H E.

Whence so polite?—'Tis something new:

H E.

Not half my heart would say.

S H E.

But come, once more the tale pursue.

H E.

With pleasure I obey.—
At length of this ideal ail
The body feels its share,
While shrinking limbs, and visage pale,
Declining health declare.
And if his feeling turn of mind
From inborn worth commence,
And his lov'd object's still unkind,
Death soon will call him hence.—
But wherefore does my Susy start?
Does something give her pain?

S H E.

A little pang just cross'd my heart;
But now 'tis gone again.

H E.

So fly each threat'ning ill away,
That would my Fair offend!

S H E.

But have you done?

H E.

—All I've to say
Will now have speedy end.—

In short, he, who with fluent quill
 Whole volumes can compose,
 Who in the deepest tints hath skill
 To picture human woes;—
 He, who can trace each darksome round
 The nicest passions rove—
 He may, and only he, expound
 The pains and pow'r of love.—
 But, SUSY, what's to do? I vow,
 You're pale, and tremble fore.

S H E.

I feel, 'tis true,—I can't tell how,—
 But hope 'twill soon be o'er.
 Doubtless it springs from some slight cause,
 Soon here and soon away;—

H E.

Some stomach-winds, I should suppose,
 Or else the heat o'th' day.
 A bus, howe'er, may do you good,
 Or try some two or three,
 And if such cordials really should,
 They'd doubly comfort me.
 O, SUSAN! long beneath the smart,
 My words but ill define,
 Thou know'st I've groan'd, thou know'st my heart
 Is most sincerely thine.
 Yet still, as if by folly mov'd,
 You treat my serious pain;
 Ah! must this breast, because it lov'd,
 Meet nought but cold disdain?
 And yet how small in Love's fond eye
 Would all this suff'ring seem,
 If Hope could e'er in SUSAN spy
 One mark of soft esteem!

S H E.

S H E.

Poor DICK! How true what oft we hear,
 That Love is mighty blind!
 And much a Maid must do, I fear,
 To make you think her kind.
 What! in his SUSAN's coyish mirth
 Could RICHARD ne'er espy,
 How much from art it had its birth,
 Nor guefs *one* reason why?
 Had he but half as willing been
 To hope, as to despair,
 His prosp'rous suit he might have seen
 Full many a sign declare.
 Witnefs, what but this moment pass'd;—
 Did you one symptom name,
 One mark of Love,—but I as fast
 Would feign to feel the same?
 Yet this was hid from RICHARD's view.—
 He can't Love's language read.

H E.

I do—I really find, dear SUE,
 I have been dull indeed.
 But, may I hope for SUSAN's love,
 Nor fear she means to jest?
 I may—these silent looks approve,
 And DICK shall yet be blest.
 And now, my pretty yielding Fair,
 But one thing more remains
 For me to know, and you declare,
 To end a Lover's pains.
 When shall we fix the happy day,
 When, at his hallow'd shrine,
 The Priest for ever, and for aye,
 Shall *really* make thee mine?

S H E.

S H E.

Another time I may reply;
 But see the dinner's come,
 And PEG throws round a jealous eye,—
 So for the present, MUM.

 ODE to PITY.

O Thou, by gracious Heav'n design'd,
 Around each kindred breast to wind
 Affection's powerful chains!
 Soft PITY, mild, relenting fair!
 Still let thy Suppliant's bosom share
 Thy sweet endearing pains.

Whate'er the Muse a source can shew,
 From whence the gentlest blessings flow,
 Must needs her voice inspire;
 And whatsoe'er in Nature's plan
 Tends hourly to the good of Man,
 'Tis Virtue to admire.

Though humblest paths thy steps confine,
 Though Sorrows pale oft wait thy shrine,
 Charms still to thee belong;
 Love near thee strews her flow'ry way,
 The Social Joys around thee play,
 While Taste adorns the throng.

From that fine tear thy goodness sheds
 The love of Art and Nature spreads;
 We joy to sympathize!
 Hence weeping stone protrudes a sigh,
 On canvas gleams the wat'ry eye,
 And sounds soft-warbling rise.

When

When, kneeling round the bed of Death,
 We silent watch the struggling breath,
 Mortality's alarm!
 Thy parting looks, thy humid cheek,
 Thy sighs, which through the stillness break,—
 How sadly do they charm!

Here, as the world's vain hopes recede,
 Thou giv'st the breast full pow'r to plead,
 And on the soul display
 New ties, for kindred Man to mourn,
 When ill's ⁺ affect,—and joys to burn,
 When human life looks gay.

afflict

The murd'ring hand, which Conscience dares,
 Perhaps by thy soft whispers spares,
 Nor gives the deadly blow:
 To thee, where precepts fail, Despair,
 Want's dire abode, Disease and Care,
 Much well-tim'd bounty owe.

The Bards, whom noblest themes inspire,
 For thee oft o'er the plaintive lyre
 Their hands full gently wave;
 Poring nigh some lone rock-bound cell,
 Some stream, where ceaseless murmurs dwell,
 Or dear untimely grave.

Thus heav'nly YOUNG (when midnight's reign
 Sped through her gloom that mournful strain,
 Which Angel-forms might hear)
 Made lov'd NARCISSA's hapless tale
 O'er all our melting souls prevail:—
 So soft's thy heart-felt tear!

But

But chief the Bard, whose genius rose,
 Where through her meads bright AVON flows,
 Cou'd aid thy gentle sway;
 His fancy'd scenes by nature drest
 Resistless triumph o'er the breast,
 And snatch our souls away.

Dear to thy hopes, another Name*
 Gains from the World the fairest fame,
 When, on th' applauding stage,
 With all the manly well-told woe
 Himself can feel, or SHAKESPEAR draw,
 He charms this happy age.

When injured LEAR exerts his pow'rs,
 How glows each breast! what tender show'rs
 Drop from our pitying eyes!
 Art can no more from Nature steal,—
 The human soul no more can feel,
 Nor farther sympathize.

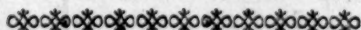
Hail tragic Muse! Hail heavenly Art,
 Which wing'st supremely to the heart
 Whate'er thy scenes display!
 Still join your force, inure the soul
 To each mild passion's soft controul,
 Each Virtue's gen'rous sway.

Nor let us ^xere, as efforts vain,
 The Poet's fabled woes disdain:
 To noblest views they tend;
 For not a sight these vales supply,
 Like PITY's tear in VIRTUE's Eye,
 Can make our God our Friend.

Form'd

Form'd thus to feel, oft let me rove
Along the solemn twilight grove,
And muse on human woe;
While night's sweet Bird with plaintive strains,
And mould'ring tow'rs, Pride's poor remains,
The humblest thoughts bestow.

Yet, let my soul, bent on her skies,
On Hope's bright pinion trembling rise,
And for the time prepare,
When forrowing Friends, around my grave,
Shall well repay the tears I gave
To PITY, Pain, and Care.



ODE TO BEAUTY:

AS IT IS MANIFESTED, TO US IN THE PRESENT
SYSTEM OF THINGS.

WHILE in each grove, at seasons meet,
Melodious Bards their hymns repeat
To some celestial Power;
Say, why do BEAUTY's charms remain
Unhonour'd by the votive strain,
Nor share the ritual hour?

When Chaos old, from realms of night,
At Heav'n's command first sprung to light,
And peaceful Order reign'd;
Thy presence to endear the plan
To its lov'd tenant god-like Man,
Was graciously ordain'd.

“Go

“ Go, with thy smiles my Favourite chear;
 Press on his soul those visions dear,
 Which gayest thoughts inspire;
 And oft, with blandishments of Love,
 His feeling bosom fondly move
 To young-ey'd soft Desire.

From dark inactive matter raise
 Ten thousand views, ten thousand ways,
 To charm th' observing Mind;
 So shall the Soul's immortal Pow'rs
 The less lament a few short hours,
 To earth's frail scenes confin'd.”

Thus did Beneficence divine
 To thee its sweetest task assign,
 (While Nature smil'd around)
 And hence, where'er we throw our eyes,
 O'er verdant fields, or azure skies,
 Thy duteous steps are found.

See melting traits devoid of glare
 Tinge bodies little, soft, and fair,
 The gradual-varying line;
 See light Proportion's laws obey'd,
 Parts simply form'd in order laid,
 One fit complete design.*

E

'Tis

* The reader of taste and experience will readily see, that BEAUTY is in this ode chiefly considered in an abstract or philosophical light; and also from whence the ideas in this, and a stanza or two more, are borrowed.—To one, however, who is not much conversant in these minuter enquiries into nature, it may not seem impertinent to add here, that an ample and satisfactory elucidation of these principles may be found in *Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty*, *Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, and in one of the chapters of *Lord Kames' Elements of Criticism*.

'Tis in these modes, as Sages tell,
 Thy ultimate attractions dwell,
 When analyz'd by art;
 Whether gay prospects, shrubs, or flow'rs,
 Or creatures form'd with living pow'rs,
 The compound charm impart.

If Colours glow, if Marbles breathe,
 If Poets gain APOLLO's wreath,
 If Fanes superb ascend;
 Whate'er th' ingenious Arts pursue,
 Thy prototypes are still in view,
 And oft their test and end.

Now, youthful, blyth, and debonair,
 In tangles of NEÆRIA's hair,
 Thy playful wiles are seen;
 Now, like a sun-beam, wilt thou skip
 From CHLOE's eye to CELIA's lip,
 Or gild LAVINIA's mien.

Anon, as wanton Fancy sways,
 Thy ready hand a bow pourtrays,
 And sets it in the sky;
 Where all the unmix'd genuine hues
 Of seven-fold light their charms diffuse,
 Harmonious to the eye.*

Then, bent on simpler means to please,
 And piteous of the leafless trees,
 Full many a winter's morn,
 With feath'ry hoar-frost scatter'd light,
 Or pendant ice-drops glitt'ring bright,
 Thou'lt all their stems adorn.

So

* A well-known optical discovery by Sir ISAAC NEWTON
 is here alluded to.

So oft we've seen thee gently skim
 The heaving ocean's liquid brim,
 Or on the smooth wave sleep;
 No wonder fabling Poets sung,
 That first thy charming Goddess* sprung
 From out the azure deep.

Round some bright twisted shell's alcove
 As oft we've fondly seen thee rove,
 Or dart the diamond's ray;
 Or give the flow'rs their varied dye—
 Then on their filken bosoms lie,
 And smile a summer's day.

But if on our admiring eyes
 The congregated charms arise,
 Which deck the sylvan scene,
 Of stately villas, fields, and floods,
 Of flocks, and herds, and tufted woods,
 With hamlets mix'd between;

Till fades the prospect, by degrees,
 O'er distant cities, hills, and seas,
 (With softest azure stain'd)
 We own, in grateful transport lost,
 'Tis BEAUTY's pride, 'tis ALBION's boast,
 And Paradise regain'd.

Amid the gloom of abstract signs,
 The truths of dark related lines,
 Thou too art frequent found;
 While fields of intellectual light
 Present thy form to Wisdom's sight,
 With ev'ry Virtue crown'd.

E 2

The

* VENUS.

The human visage hence displays,
 At once, thy most attractive rays;
 Since all that's fair and sweet,
 The lambent, soft, expressive eye,
 Each speaking trait, each lovely dye,
 In it supremely meet.

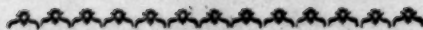
Hence 'tis, thy presence still conspires
 With moral worth to fan the fires,
 Round social bosoms glow;
 Hence, soft-ey'd Love, on lightsome wings,
 The most endearing blessings brings,
 These transient scenes bestow.

Transient they are!—Each hour we see
 Relentless Time, by Heav'n's decree,
 Snatch some dear bliss away;
 Hence here, as fade our drooping pow'rs,
 Thy smiles grow languid, and, like ours,
 Thy reign's but for a day.

But fly, ye gloomy Visions, fly,
 Already on the Muse's eye
 A brighter dawn appears;
 She sees the time, when thou again
 With Man shalt meet, and happy reign,
 Beyond the pow'r of years.

Far in yon fair ethereal skies,
 Where joy darts from enraptur'd eyes,
 'Mid realms and courts divine;
 Ere long, with Virtue, Love, and Truth,
 And crown'd with all the bloom of Youth,
 Immortal shalt thou shine.

ELEGY



E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.*

YET, yet, dear Youth, o'er thy untimely grave,
 Thy parting sorrows, and thy ling'ring years,
 (Tho' Nature wept, and all her anguish gave)
 This verse once more shall flow in heart-felt tears.

Strong are the ties, round kindred bosoms grow;
 Soft are the scenes, fraternal love inspires;—
 And this was ours, with ev'ry social glow,
 Which Souls congenial catch from Friendship's fires.

I saw, well pleas'd, thy youthful mind display
 Its rising strength, replete with ev'ry grace;
 Saw Virtue round thee throw her lightsome ray,
 And health fresh-blooming gild thy smiling face.

'Twas then along the daisy-skirted vale,
 The grove's soft winding, and the babbling stream,
 Time wing'd his speed with some amusive tale,
 And Pleasure fondly lent its gilded gleam.

'Twas then we'd listen to the soothing strain,
 Some Muse soft-warbl'd from her tuneful sphere,
 Let science' page severer hours detain,
 Or human sorrows urge their faithful tear.

Deep sunk the bliss, nor could my Fancy frame
 A wish contain'd not in this humble round;
 Wealth's tempting call, the flatt'ring voice of Fame
 In louder peals of social joys were drown'd.

E 3

I rais'd

* J—N C——, who died the 17th of April, 1763, in the 21st year of his age, of a tedious illness, which he bore with great cheerfulness and resignation.

I rais'd thee drooping o'er a Parent's tomb,
 Too early clos'd! and Hope's prophetic eye
 Wou'd distant see thy rising virtues bloom,
 And life's calm vale enjoy the brightest sky.

Hence oft I warn'd thee of the fatal snares,
 Which Vice alluring decks with fancy'd flow'rs,
 And those dread spectres, which glide unawares,
 Where'er vain Pleasure sounds her guilty bow'rs.

I taught thy breast to glow with well-earn'd praise,
 And feel the hapless mis'ries of mankind;
 Essay'd to lead thee, where the heav'nly blaze
 Of sacred truth illumines the darksome mind.

How happy they, who, as the seasons roll,
 In Art's fair field amuse the fleeting hours!
 No listless languor checks th' aspiring Soul,—
 Exulting vigour nerves her rising pow'rs.

Yet happier they, when some companion dear,
 So late my boast! partakes the lov'd employ;
 Each wish finds home, each care contracts its sphere,
 Each day augments life's unremitting joy.

Where'er they go, all nature charms around,
 Her flow'rs perfume, her gales delighted play,
 Her rills sweet prattle, echos softly sound,
 Her songsters warble, and her skies look gay.

But while thus blest, some dark malignant pow'r,
 Sad fate of man! crept through thy youthful veins,
 Consum'd thy bloom, as fades the tender flow'r,
 When frosts untimely blight the genial plains.

I fear'd the worst, and what I cou'd essay'd
 To ward the blow, and sooth thy nightly tears;
 When nought avail'd, how did the visions fade,
 Which Hope too fondly built in distant years!

For

For nought avail'd!—the unrelenting dart
 Of Death, long ling'ring o'er remitted blows,
 At length prov'd fatal, mock'd each lenient art,
 And with thy life depriv'd me of repose.

With thee, Hope's flatt'ring progeny are dead,
 Which once with rapture many an hour could warm;
 With thee, gay Nature's sylvan magic's fled,
 Nor leaves the world one trivial pow'r to charm.

Now, sunk in grief, the ling'ring moments roll,
 No pleasing cares my anxious breast inspire,
 No favourite studies wing my languid soul,
 Dumb, but to woe, remains the Muse's lyre.

Methinks, where'er my lonely footsteps stray,
 A cheerless gloom enwraps each object round,
 E'en fancy hears each whisp'ring breeze convey
 Some sad desponding melancholy sound.

Dull sighing winds o'er gloomy foliage beat,
 Dark low'ring groves intruding funs upbraid,
 Fond plaintive birds some chiding strain repeat,
 And ev'ry flow'r* asks sadly where thou'rt stray'd.

He's gone, ye prattling sweets—gone far away,—
 No more shall he arrange your varying bloom,
 No more, well pleas'd, your nicer charms display;—
 Death's cruel hand has laid him in the tomb.

No more shall Science wake him at the dawn,
 Nor past'ral reed employ him near the rills,
 No evening gales salute him on the lawn,
 Nor roving shepherds meet him on the hills.

E 4

So

* He was very fond of flowers, and during his illness their culture was his chief amusement.

so droop'd, so fell the dearest of mankind,—
 And all, that Friendship now can give his bier,
 Is the last boon to life's short hour assign'd,
 Affection's sweet, tho' unavailing tear.

Tis done:—And now perhaps this artless lay
 (Fond to preserve thy mem'ry in these plains)
 O'er the pale cheek shall kindred tears convey,
 Where grief like mine its rigid sway maintains.

Then weep no more, my Muse; thy sorrows cease,
 But joy to see him verge yon ambient glow;
 There, happy Youth, thy innocence has peace;
 A SAVIOUR smiles, and joys for ever flow.

Blest hope! which tells my wearied Soul, ere long
 This earth shall let her tow'ring Genius free,
 And rais'd on high, 'mid heav'n's enraptur'd throng,
 Enjoy her GOD, ETERNITY, and THEE.

C O R Y D O N,

A N E L E G Y:

FEIGNED TO BE WRITTEN BY A COUNTRY-MAN, OF A
 TURN FOR LETTERS AND POETRY, DURING A VISIT
 TO SOME OF HIS ACQUAINTANCE, STUDENTS IN ONE
 OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

THE OPENING.

YE peaceful Shades, where sacred Science reigns,
 And Genius drinks her most prolific dews;
 Where ev'ry cell some raptur'd Sage contains,
 Or boasts the warblings of the tuneful Muse;

O! less profuse your Attic stores display,
 Less ostentatious treat your rural guest;
 You little know----(forgive the chiding lay---)
 The tort'ring thoughts these hallow'd scenes suggest.
When

When fate's worst ills around our footsteps flow,
 Nor meet one murmur from a bridg'd desire;
 When the brisk Soul can with a smile forego
 Each higher joy, endearing Truth inspires;

Then shall we feel unenvious transports rise,
 Where partial Arts but own the wealthy name;
 Then trace, well pleas'd, those turrets to the skies,
 Which hide from Indigence the paths of Fame.

That Minds unblest'd with philosophic lore,
 Their narrower views may feelingly bewail;
 That rural Genius oft might wish to soar,—
 Ye peaceful Shades, believe this genuine tale.

In distant groves a Swain of noblest pow'rs,
 That Fortune e'er with niggard hand oppress'd,
 Frequent with songs would sooth the ev'ning hours,
 Form'd to the movements of his feeling breast.

Beneath an ivy'd rock's inviting shade,
 On a green bank o'erspread with flow'rets sweet,
 Where dropp'd a rill, and op'd a western glade,
 He lov'd to fix his ever-tuneful seat.

Wan with despair, and woeful was his look,
 (No shepherd heard him, but in tears was found)
 When late his lyre with these sad accents shook,
 And caught th' attention of the plains around.

CORYDON'S COMPLAINT.

Hence! ye vain dreams, imagination gay
 O'er youthful minds with faithless purpose draws;
 Hence!—nor that bliss within my reach display,
 A thousand bars for ever must oppose.

Taught

Taught by experience and maturer years,
 Your sanguine visions idly court the eye;
 Hope feebly shines, where Reason disappears,
 Nor owns the glare mere Fancy would supply.

Though form'd with pow'rs to trace each learned art;
 Though all I wish their beauteous round contains;
 Yet cruel Fate will ne'er the means impart,
 To let me rove beyond these lowly plains.

For now Youth's quick advent'rous hours are fled;
 Less briskly Genius runs her fervid race;
 Less glowing tints on Fancy's scenes are spread,
 And nerves less fine less ductile spirits trace.

Hence, should coy Fortune, more than usual kind,
 Smile on my steps, those smiles must cheer too late;—
 Hence 'tis, vain dreams, I give you to the wind,
 Hence feel Despair sole ruler of my fate.

Sad hopeless Fate! beneath whose iron sway
 The Soul ne'er lights her most resplendent fires;
 At whose dark frown earth's loveliest scenes decay,
 Each Virtue sickens, and each Joy expires.

O! how unlike the transports, which ere while
 Sooth'd this fond breast, with youth's bright prospects warm;

When each new object wore a Seraph's smile,
 And ev'ry care from hope secur'd a charm!

Then----(For one moment, dread Despair, allow
 A pleasing ray to light thy gloomy shrine;
 One fond short moment, nor distrust the vow,
 Which sadly says, henceforth I'm wholly thine.)

Then, unoppress'd with sick'ning discontent,
 Full many an eve, and many a lightsome day,
 With all the strength indulgent Nature lent,
 O'er Art's fair page I took my chearful way.

And oft the rocks, which bound yon woodland hills,
 Have seen me studious wand'ring at their feet;
 Oft has some Muse, where fall these murm'ring rills,
 Charm'd each fine feeling with her warblings sweet.

For there, far from the busy world retir'd,
 I chose to trace each deep inviting theme;
 There gave, well pleas'd, each hint, with fancy fir'd,
 Full pow'r to form some dear delusive dream.

But still those visions most detain'd my view,
 Warm with the joys celestial Science yields;
 Or which pourtray'd your fate, ye happy few,
 Who rove at large through all her beauteous fields.

Yes; oft has Fancy seen your turrets gay
 O'er the fair meads of CAM and ISIS gleam;—
 Oft have I known her shadowy tints display
 The favourite story of your bliss supreme;

The morn in truth's alluring search employ'd,
 The eve devote to Friendship's milder fire;
 All Wisdom's charms luxuriantly enjoy'd,
 All transports felt, which Virtue can inspire.

Oh! to what heights th' advent'rous Soul may rise,
 Thus free from care, thus peacefully serene!
 With what keen ardour pierce her kindred skies,
 And scan each movement of this vast machine!

Here Fancy triumphs; here at large she pours
 Her glistering pageants o'er aerial plains;
 Here all inspir'd, amid her roseate bow'rs,
 The Muse adjusts her most harmonious strains.

See! o'er yon vault what orbs resplendent glow!—
 'Twas these illum'd immortal NEWTON's page.
 Hark! from yon cloud what dulcet warblings flow!—
 Such notes first prompted MILTON's heav'nly rage.
 And

And whence that gleam?—Methinks o'er yonder plain,
 (But now in dusky glimm'rings hid from view,)
 Bright as the morn, I see a god-like train
 Immortal rounds of happiness pursue.

'Tis they, whose Genius led them to aspire
 Beyond the sordid triflings of the mind;
 All, who have swept with skill the Muse's lyre,
 Or shone in Arts, which dignify mankind:—

'Tis they, who, smit with Fame's enchanting sound,
 Felt the glad voice, life's most substantial good;
 Whose rising youth the happiest culture crown'd,
 Whose riper views no casual bars withstood.

Hail glorious Band! the meed, your virtues fought,
 Each moment amply on your mem'ry pours,
 Nor vain your hopes, nor vain th' expence of thought,
 Which wakeful Study gave your midnight hours.

Ah! 'tis no more;—the air-form'd vision's fled,
 And with it flies each bright, each pleasing ray;
 So Fame's fair dreams a while my youth misled,
 So Time at length destroy'd their prospects gay.

The night, which now the dreary world invades,
 The clouds, that with unusual horrors roll,
 Too well I feel apt emblem of the shades,
 Which haunt th' unhappy musings of my soul.*

No,

*Probably the thought here is borrowed from the following
 one in *YOUNG's Revenge*.

Rage on, ye winds, burst clouds, and waters roar!
 You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
 And suit the gloomy habit of my soul,—

No, never more in sweet delirium lost,
 Shall Fancy fondly on her offspring gaze;
 Vain all her efforts, vain her noblest boast,
 Unlearn'd, unknown to patronage and praise.

Ne'er must her pow'rs partake those joys divine,
 Truth's lovely fields to cultur'd minds impart;
 Ne'er deck their bound'ries with some fair design,
 Where Genius triumphs in the charms of art.

But ever wretched, hopeless, and forlorn,
 (Immur'd in vales far from each gen'rous eye)
 Like nature's basest, most ignobly born,
 Live undistinguish'd, and unhonour'd die.

Thus many a Swain has spent life's cheerless bloom;
 Thus Genius oft has press'd the clay-cold bier;
 Oblivion thus from Merit's injur'd tomb
 Blots the fair name forever with a tear.

Ah! why did Heav'n, regardless of my woe,
 With love of fame this feeling breast inspire?
 Why on my Soul its nobler gifts bestow,
 And not provide the nurture they require?

Or rather why, like other harmless swains,
 Were not fit talents to my fate assign'd?
 Why not each joy connected with these plains,
 And all my wishes to my flocks confin'd?

Then had life's hour in softest transport fled,
 All nature bloom'd with sweetly varying charms,
 Health's rosy smiles my careless cheeks o'erspread,
 And Peace each night secur'd me in its arms.

Then had I oft, wak'd by the sprightly horn,
 Ere the grey mists disclos'd the mountain's face,
 Brisk on its summits met the rising morn,
 And own'd no joys superior to the chace.

Then

Then had no grief these trembling nerves unstrung,
 No fruitless anguish sunk these languid eyes,
 Nor these sad accents fall'n from sorrow's tongue,
 Nor ye, my Friends, thus mix'd them with your sighs.

I've seen bleak Winter oft lead on the spring,
 The wretched captive from his chains repriev'd;
 I've seen the birds forget the storm and fmg,
 But never once Despair's sad load reliev'd.

I've seen the day—but wherefore name the day?—
 'Tis gone—it fled, as flies that glimpse divine;
 Farewel, my Friends! adieu, each flatt'ring ray!—
 The conflict's past—Despair, I'm wholly thine.

THE CONCLUSION.

Here CORYDON broke off his mournful tale:
 And now the sun was sunk beneath the floods,
 Now slowly rising, with her lustre pale,
 The moon just peep'd above the quiv'ring woods.

A while he seem'd with toil and sorrow spent;
 By fits his visage more disorder'd grew;
 Then, all at once, like one of frantic bent,
 Swift o'er the lawn he from his fellows flew.

He flew—and as he vanish'd from their sight,
 'Tis said portentous signs spoke mischief near;
 Thrice scream'd the owl, twice shot the stars of night,
 And thrice, and twice each breast was chill'd with
 fear.

'Twas then, the dire contagion seiz'd his head;
 Nor yet has Reason reassum'd its throne;
 From vale to vale he seeks precarious bread,
 And thoughtless Folly mocks his constant moan.

Thus

Thus did th' unhappy Shepherd's peace of mind
 To vain aspirings fall an early prey;—
 Nor are much less disastrous ills combin'd
 In him, who now attempts the dorian lay.

The same regard for truth's illustrious cause,
 The soothing efforts of the tuneful reed,
 The same fond passion for well-earn'd applause,
 To fordid toil and darksome climes decreed.

Save that less genius, less advent'rous fire,
 Temper'd with thoughts that more sedately flow;
 A certain meekness, which dares scarce aspire,
 Subject his bosom to less poignant woe.

And from this humbler temp'rature of soul,
 Mild resignation, time's all-healing balm,
 Ere long he hopes life's hours will happier roll,
 Soft, if not brilliant; if obscurely, calm.

“ That Minds unblest'd with philosophic lore,
 “ Their narrower views may feelingly bewail;
 “ That rural Genius oft might wish to soar,—
 “ Ye peaceful Shades, believe this genuine tale. ”

Ye do believe,—Oft with your favourite GREY
 I know ye weep th' unletter'd rustic's fate;
 Oft, sympathizing with his heav'nly lay,
 Some hapless hist'ry of our vales relate.

Though sweet the sigh, chill penury and pain
 Spontaneous call from Pity's melting breast,
 Sweeter's the sigh, which Genius, still humane,
 Heaves for her sons with life's low cares oppress'd.

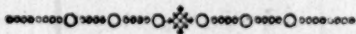
But cease, my Muse—thy daring hand with-hold,
 Nor longer hope indulgence from these shades;
 Close the fond strain;—our purpos'd tale is told,
 And ev'ry hour my ling'ring feet upbraids.

Yet

Yet, though these warblings wild display no art,
 Too long I've linger'd from my native cell,
 One effort more, warm issuing from the heart,
 Must bid these honour'd, happy Shades farewell.

My friends, farewell—Ah! can you sympathize?
 Do you my steps with pitying tears pursue?—
 Thus Angels wept, when o'er lost Paradise
 Our hapless Parents breath'd a last adieu.

And trust the Muse, while Mem'ry can supply
 Aught from her stores esteem'd unusual dear,
 Oft shall these mansions bloom in Fancy's eye,
 These gen'rous drops command a kindred tear.



O N

PHILOSOPHIC RETIREMENT;

A N

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.*

CONSCIOUS, of all the various paths pursu'd
 Life's joys to compass, and its ills elude,
 What best can Nature's genuine children please,
 Is rural labours mix'd with studious ease:—
 Conscious, how soon our longest day must end;
 How frail the threads, on which its joys depend;
 What num'rous cares each bust'ling scene surround;
 What inbred fears th' advent'rous bosom wound;
 How vain the tale, which pride at length will tell,
 Gold, glitt'ring gold can all these ills dispel;—
 Conscious of this, and how insidious Time,
 O'er youth advanc'd, steals onward to our prime,

Permit

* Mr. J—N D——N, S——N in S——N.

Permit your Friend to multiply the strains
 So oft you've heard, which sung his native plains;
 With life's best hope, and all their charms in view,
 On bolder wing a favourite theme pursue;
 Fond to revive, and crown with grateful praise
 Those happier scenes, which blest'd our youthful days;
 Court you, once more, to joys with care unmix'd,
 And fix your wishes where his own are fix'd.
 Yes, haste, my Friend, in earnest let us prove
 Those soft delights we both so warmly love;
 Let us, while more important views inspire,
 From sordid life to some calm vale retire;
 There, wrap'd in peace, Truth's radiant charms survey,
 Nor fear, like gold, those charms will e'er decay;—
 Led by the glory, which her form surrounds,
 Excursive range through Nature's utmost bounds;
 View what this Earth within her womb contains;
 What mean yon fires, which gild th' ethereal plains;
 How lifeless atoms, urg'd by myltic pow'rs,
 Glow in the stars, and deck the field with flow'rs;
 What wond'rous art attun'd the human frame,
 And through its organs breath'd the vital flame;
 Explore the secret movements of the mind;
 Sound moral laws, and see by what they bind;
 Trace the quick passions to their dark retreat,
 And scan the point, where taste and science meet;—
 Till, from unnumber'd marks of deep design,
 The soul exulting owns the source divine;
 With pious ardour hopes ere long to share
 True virtue's meed in regions void of care;
 Where all is light, and truth, and love, and joy,
 No clouds can darken, and no time destroy.

Welcome and soft as falls the ev'ning ray,
 Which mildly shuts some summer's sultry day;

F

So

So mildly soft, the studious page thrown by,
 Gay trifling hours of intermission fly.
 Hurt by no care we vacantly pursue
 Ten thousand whims, good-humour sets in view;
 Bright Fancy wakes; brisk Life is up in arms;
 Each bird sings sweetly, and each prospect charms.
 What joy we taste, while shepherds, ever gay,
 Around the hearth their antic gambols play!
 See on each face unanxious health express'd,
 And rapture blyth distend each social breast;
 Eyes dipp'd in love their soft contagion dart,
 And virtue's fires all glowing round the heart.
 'Tis then no joke can pass without its smile;
 'Tis then no tale seems clad in uncouth style;
 'Tis then alone we see pure Nature reign,
 And spite of form her genuine rights maintain;
 While terms unstudied, looks which ne'er betray,
 Mark all they feel, and all their thoughts convey.

Such varied hours will Virtue ever please,
 Such scenes degrade not Philosophic Ease.

Could Libertines, and all the giddy crew,
 Who, lost to shame, voluptuous life pursue,
 But for one moment from the croud retire,
 And feel what transports scenes like these inspire;
 How soon each sensual object they'd despise,
 The midnight bowl, the glance of wanton eyes!
 How soon break through th' associated bands,
 Which madd'ning Riot weaves with impious hands!
 Convinc'd, true joys alone from wisdom flow;
 That temp'rate meals can only health bestow;
 That peace of mind, and all the cherub throng
 Of smiling Hopes to innocence belong;
 That Friendship's charms can only lasting prove,
 Where kindred minds unite in virtuous love;

That

That all these blessings most supremely reign,
Where simple Nature charms the simple Swain.

Hail! NATURE, hail! at thy celestial shrine
Still let me bend, and duteous vows resign.
From thy pure source I drew the tuneful pow'rs,
The love of peace and philosophic hours;
Whate'er the hurtful passions might command,
Each nicer taste, thou gav'st with lib'ral hand;
The social fires, which round the bosom glow,
The pitying sigh, which feels another's woe;—
Founts, whose meanders wind in beauteous strife
Through the fair meads of calm sequester'd life.
Nor leave me here, but on my raptur'd soul
Thy wond'rous page continue to unroll,
Where all thy mystic notices unite
In one clear flood of far-extended light.
So shall thy name employ this grateful lyre,
While thou canst charm, or wake its tuneful fire.—
Thou only guide in Science' dark domain,
Thou too, fair TRUTH, attend the votive strain:
O! lead me where, in order's beauteous guise,
Thy firm-built tow'rs to fields ethereal rise,
And from whose chrystal battlements the blaze
Of heaven-drawn light beams forth ten thousand ways;
Where mental clouds, like earth-born mists, dissolve,
And Doubt's dark tracts no more our steps involve;
Where all the wily Sophist's tinsel'd wares,
The paths where Errour hides her fatal snares,
The dust unhallow'd, which with frantic hand
The impious Deist scatters o'er the land,
Touch'd with thy radiance, like the hags of night,
Stand full confest'd, or vanish from the sight.—
Thus gild life's vale, thus chear the tedious way,
Which leads us pilgrims to the realms of day.

So shalt thou with thy Sister* ever share
My boldest numbers, and my warmest prayer.

Such were the notes my earliest youth essay'd;
Such are the strains, which still can most persuade.
Then farewell, World!—This moment I forego
All claim to joys thy bustling scenes bestow:
Why longer court thee? why one hour misuse
In vain parade abhor'd by ev'ry Muse?
I from thee run to groves and peaceful cells,
“ Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells;”
Where Truth and Nature meet, with smiles divine,
Each votive prayer, breath'd round their hallow'd shrine;
Where, far remov'd from life's luxurious bowl,
The temp'rate hours in sweet succession roll;
Vain thoughts assail not, each wild wish retires,
And virtue blooms in sanctify'd desires.

Come then, ye Heav'n-born Sisters, lead the way,
And all the secrets of your realms display;
Bare the rude bosom of those dreary caves,
Where old COCYTUS rolls his darksome waves;
Shew me how metals shoot their sparkling veins;
How fairer gems receive their vivid stains;
Through what pure *strata* of your regions flow
The healing waters of the sacred spaw;
Whence dread VULCANO draws his fiery birth,
And pent-up flames “ shake terribly the earth.”
Nor hide those pow'rs resolving bodies move,
Their seeming hatred, and their seeming love;
Why *here*, the parties meet in soft embrace,
And *there*, repellent furies shake the place;
Why in dark clouds, *this* all the scene confounds,
And *that* more pleasing shoots its chrystal bounds.

For

* NATURE.

For sacred lecture, next to scenes repair,
 Where chearful sun-beams dart through purer air;
 Where light and shade their lovely traits display,
 And all creation smiles in fervid day.
 Kindly reveal by what mysterious law
 The num'rous plants their genial moisture draw;
 What moulds their stems, what plastic pow'r endues
 With thousand virtues, and with thousand hues.
 Teach me alike, with philosophic eye
 To view the meteors of the changeful sky;
 The buoyant clouds, with tinge of ev'ry shade;
 The glorious arch on heav'n's broad face display'd;
 The streaming lights in northern regions seen,
 And glist'ring dews, which silver o'er the green;
 The livid bolts, that through the ether glide,
 When thund'ring storms on wings of light'ning ride.

Fir'd with these views, ye Progeny divine,
 Let not this earth our studious rounds confine;
 But, nobly urg'd, to fields sublimer rise,
 And trace the glories of yon sparkling skies;
 Breathe for a while ethereal gales, impress'd
 With lenient hand on Contemplation's breast;
 Then, while each pulse new vigour seems to gain,
 While flaming orbs oppose their fires in vain,
 With critic eye those wand'ring lights survey,
 Whose silent feet dance round the god of day;
 Assign their force, compute th' eternal bounds
 Prescrib'd by Nature to their fervid rounds;
 Explore how simply from two gen'ral laws
 Each dark appearance of their movement flows;
 How the fierce Stranger, whose portentous train
 Once ev'ry age torments th' unletter'd swain,
 Alike their edicts willingly obeys,
 As the pale Wand'rer, which each month displays.

D——N, for thee, long have these heav'nly Maids
 With radiant smiles illum'd their darkest shades;
 Long led thy steps, although thy years be few,
 Where first great NEWTON's tow'ring genius flew;
 Tracing each law, each pow'r, each mystic line,
 Which comprehends creation's vast design;
 From atom's trembling in attraction's ray,
 To systems bounding through the realms of day.

Dark are the cells contain the human Mind,
 More dark the laws its quick excursions bind,
 And darker still the movements, which inspire
 The pow'rs of thought, that beam in living fire.
 Yet here, my Friend, in these ideal groves,
 Thy studious eye with like discernment roves;
 Sees ev'ry glade with smiling flow'rs abound;
 Sees ev'ry tree with fruit ambrosial crown'd;
 Walks ever turn'd with exquisite design;
 Bow'rs, where fond Love might softest chaplets twine;
 Each rill with music urge its pebbl'd way;
 Each bird yield rapture from its scented spray;
 Each sculptur'd stone, with taste sublimely pil'd,
 And EDEN blooming in th' apparent wild.
 Thus still 'tis found, though darkness seems to reign
 In some fresh field of Science' vast domain;
 Though pathless wastes affright with dreary bounds,
 And ev'ry step some puzzling maze surrounds;
 Yet, let but studious Industry apply,
 And scan the gloom with philosophic eye,
 Like magic scenes, straight all the shades decay,
 And charms unnumber'd deck the face of day;
 New openings lead to where new prospects rise,
 And obvious all the well-plan'd champaign lies.—
 Thus LOCKE first saw, and happily defin'd
 Full many a bloom, and district of the Mind.

'Twas

'Twas in these fields, in all her charms attir'd,
 Fair Science first her heav'nly flame inspir'd;
 First on our eyes sublimer scenes display'd,
 Than Shepherds gamb'ling o'er the pansy'd glade;
 Bade greater blifs attend night's studious hours,
 Than Love's softwhispers breath'd in glimm'ring bow'rs.
 And here it was, by native Genius led,
 Our youthful days in active roving fled;
 On jocund tiptoe scal'd the mountain's side,
 Or brush'd through woods with swift CAMILLA's pride;
 Happy to find some rill, or fruitful spray,
 With copious sweets reward the tedious way;
 Nor mourn'd the time, unconscious of our fate,
 These forlorn wand'rings own'd their hapless date:
 Hapless, alas! since ev'ry aid should meet
 To guide aright youth's inexperience'd feet;
 Some learn'd Companion, with their bent in view,
 Should to its secrets give the shortest clue;
 Some soft'ring hand each mental effort rear;
 Some Friend with smiles the tedious voyage chear;
 Or else, perhaps, in vain their strength's employ'd,—
 Death calls them hence, ere half the scene's enjoy'd.

Thus were we toiling o'er the sacred lawn,
 To ev'ry gen'rous learned eye unknown,
 When friendly Chance the self-same time convey'd
 Our wand'ring feet along the self-same glade;
 Years, tastes, designs, and notions near ally'd,
 Soon round our breasts diffus'd pure Friendship's tide.
 Hence many an hour together did we stray,
 In sweetest league, where Science led the way;
 While ev'ry step a like ambition fir'd,
 New toils suggested, and new strength inspir'd.
 But you, my Friend, with brighter pow'rs endu'd,
 With utmost ease each darksome tract pursu'd,

Nor flood aghast, when Alps assail'd the sky,
 Or plains immense broke on the weary'd eye:—
 Laborious rounds, my steps had ne'er essay'd,
 Had not thy hand oft lent its friendly aid!
 For, truant-like, although my Soul esteems
 Whate'er of truth from darkest objects gleams,
 Yet oft the toil, which should these lights display,
 Checks each resolve, till Ease consumes the day.

Dear fatal EASE! Ah! why in moss-clad bow'rs
 Dost thou still woo me to inglorious hours?
 Why make yon finch's soft melodious strain
 O'er many a morn my ling'ring steps detain;
 And, listless laid along the babbling stream,
 Tell me my pipe can emulate its theme?
 Or why, more tempting, shew the social ring,
 Where through the eve rapt Poets sit and sing;
 Now, sooth'd to love, draw from the wand'ring wire
 Sweet notes attun'd to Hope and young Desire;
 Now all the peal of choral rage unite,
 And deeds heroic in loud notes recite?
 See, see th' effect! they've rais'd the slumb'ring Soul;
 See! o'er each face the various passions roll—
 Through all their range th' according music flies—
 According breasts as fondly sympathize.
 It must be so----These scenes of milder hue
 Claim half my leisure as their rightful due;
 'Tis Nature's edict, let me then obey;
 No Reason murmurs at so soft a sway.
 "Yes," one replies,---"each dark, laborious truth
 Is best attain'd in quick aspiring Youth.
 Age, when impressions on the mem'ry fail,
 And clouds of care o'er fancy's dreams prevail,
 Age, weary Age, still shuns the studious night,
 And in *past* labours best secures delight;

Or,

Or, if Amusement claim more active hours,
Adjusts the scene to its declining pow'rs."

Struck with the truth, which here th' ingenuous Muse
Throws out to check her own encroaching views;
Nor more convinc'd what plan true Wisdom loves,
Than firmly bent to act as she approves,
Your hours, my Friend, few trifling moments know,
But in one constant studious channel flow.
(Wisely reserving for less vig'rous Age
The soothing scenes, which deck the Muse's page.)
And now from paths pure speculation yields,
Thy steps are turn'd to range more useful fields:
The num'rous ills man's tender frame must feel,
The god-like Art, which would his torment heal,
Now ask thy care; * and, may the Muse divine,
And speak her hopes in one plain delphic line,
Ere long, as far as flies thy Master's fame,
So far will fly thy more exalted Name;
For by a Head, no truth could long elude,
Join'd to a Heart, with much good-will endu'd,
Disease must fall, or only hope to reign,
Where blind Intemp'rance courts the deadly bane.

While Art's bright page thus wings thy happier hours,
And the brisk Soul expands her youthful pow'rs,
Fate's harshest edict dooms me to forego
All tempting sweets from Wisdom's fountains flow.
The day too little for my toil appears,
And constant folly stuns my weary'd ears; †

While

* The person addressed, was then studying *Physic* under
DR. BRACKEN of LANCASTER; author of several valuable
tracts in that art, and also eminent for a very extensive and
successful practice in his profession.

† When this epistle was written the author was an assistant
in an Academy bordering upon LONDON.

While ev'ry word, which aims at aught refin'd,
 And ev'ry act, which speaks th' aspiring mind,
 Meet, ere compleated, or their ends are try'd,
 A Tyrant's censure, and a Pedant's pride.
 Such are the scenes now chill my drooping Soul;
 Thus o'er my head the tedious moments roll:
 But soon they end—Arous'd at Freedom's call,
 Soon just Resentment breaks her fordid thrall,
 And flies from plains, where smiles must only cheer
 A fop's pert noise, or rake's deistic sneer;
 From modes, destructive to each social glow,
 From men, whose virtues quit them in the beau,
 From slavish precepts, dark polluted skies,
 And ill-form'd thoughts, for ever in disguise.

Impell'd by Nature's most prevailing voice,
 By Reason canvass'd, ere resolv'd in choice,
 My native fields shall soon receive again
 Their curious, trifling, renegado Swain.
 But as ye hope in future lays to shine,
 From sweet cords drawn of minstrelsy divine,
 I charge you, O! ye Vales, and well-known Hills,
 High-waving Woods, and sweetly-tinkling Rills,
 Your former charms unfaded let me find,
 Nor dart one gloom to hurt my tranquil Mind.
 And, good yourselves, each sweet associate bring,
 Which raps the Soul when rais'd on Fancy's wing;
 Let ev'ry scene some youthful bliss recal,
 The ev'ning shades with some dear vision fall;
 Each rill yield more than music as it flows;
 Each gale waft heav'n-born accents as it blows;
 While in each rock, each shed, or loftier pile,
 An old acquaintance greets me with a smile.

Haste then, my Friend, kind Nature's whispers hear,
 And share those joys, which once you held so dear;

Nor

Nor form one doubt, but with their wonted charms
 Those groves will sooth you in their peaceful arms.
 Haste, lose no time, with me the hours renew,
 So late in ease, or studious transports flew.
 Towns to thy Art, ere now, of use can yield
 No more, than what may meet thee in the field :
 Though some small trait which marks great Nature's face,
 May best be seen in one peculiar place,
 She's still the same, and from her gen'ral lines
 He most must learn, who most in Science shines.

Releas'd at length from life's too pond'rous chains,
 And wrapt in shades, where peaceful virtue reigns,
 O!----(don't, my Friend, the frequent thought reprove;
 All dwell with pleasure on the theme they love)----
 What heart-felt joys will wing the hours away,
 And close the scene of life's unclouded day!
 From healthful spirits, ne'er oppress'd with spleen,
 From meek-ey'd Contemplation, still serene,
 From thoughts humane, sooth'd by the Muse's lyre,
 From all the joys religious truths inspire,
 Daily shall Friendship's circles wider flow,
 And social warmth with gath'ring ardour glow.

Perhaps the Soul, amid these tranquil hours,
 For fancy'd Fame shall stretch her noblest pow'rs;
 Fondly provincial laurels hope to wear,
 And foremost stand in Science' bold career;
 Or wake the lyre to soft instructive tales
 With skill unusual in these lowly vales.—
 Pleasing Ambition!—nor the ardour blame;
 Virtue, at least, will brighten in the flame,*
 And many an hour, tho' vain each flatt'ring scheme,
 Shall sweetly glide in life's delusive dream.

Perhaps

* I am not certain whether the thought in this line be not borrowed.

Perhaps, still more these blessings to improve,
 The soothing joys of sweet connubial Love,
 The soft attachment of some virtuous Fair
 May give new transports to each rural care;
 Fix ev'ry wish to more domestic bounds,
 And heal, ere felt, misfortune's rankling wounds.
 Then, haply should our chearful hearths survey
 A rising Offspring, innocently gay,
 The thousand, teasing, busy projects plan,
 Which speak the genius of the future Man;
 To aid each effort of their trifling hours,
 To cultivate the soul's expanding pow'rs,
 To see fair virtue o'er their actions gleam,
 Would crown each day with happiness supreme.
 Perhaps, while anxious o'er their tender youth
 To pour the beams of mild instructive truth,
 (And Mem'ry, to her old achievements true,
 Recals each precept back in fair review)
 Fond Hope may in some blooming prattler find
 A Soul for virtue's noblest deeds design'd,
 Or which in arts may heights unusual rise,
 And ope new regions to our wond'ring eyes.
 Nor vain *these* Visions, shou'd their tablets fair
 Prove the false forms of unsubstantial air,
 Since in our Boys a second chance is found,
 To fix a name for some rare deed renown'd,
 While such fond dreams once more their charms acquire,
 Once more revive the joys of youthful fire.

Thus shall our days in peace securely flow,
 Thus yield each bliss our being can bestow.
 And, ever calm, when age, chill age prevails,
 And all around the eye's keen light'ning fails;
 When the vain hopes of transient life expire,
 And Friendship stooping owns her waning fire,

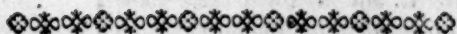
All

All harmoniz'd, and wrapt in holy views,
 The flutt'ring Soul shall through her evening muse;—
 And, when at length she meets her last sad scene,
 With eyes on Heav'n o'er-look the pang between;
 Spring to those realms, those fair ethereal bow'rs,
 Alone adapted to her sacred pow'rs;
 " Where all is light, and truth, and love, and joy,
 " No clouds can darken, and no time destroy."

Thus has your Friend (join'd with what tuneful aid
 The Muse vouchsafes) his plan of Life display'd;
 And if its scenes hold up to Fancy's view
 One bliss, which gen'ral Reason would pursue;
 If aught peculiar strike with secret charm,
 Cling near the heart, and in idea warm;
 In future years, where'er your footsteps stray,
 May all these joys attend you on the way!
 But as I trust the groves, where we reside,
 No stroke of chance will ever far divide,
 So let me hope---(though sanguine be the lay,
 And Ills o'er Man will ne'er forget their sway)----
 That, when his dart the King of terrors throws,
 And low in dust our weary limbs repose,
 'Twill oft be found, these artless lines relate
 No wish, but prov'd prophetic of our fate.

T H E





THE JOURNEY;

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM THE COUNTRY

TO

MR. G. R——Y, PAINTER IN LONDON.*

DEAR FRIEND—

WITHOUT attempting in some courtly way
 To frame excuses for my long delay,
 Another charm, if sagely I divine,
 Shall make my peace and recommend each line.
 “ Another charm!—what does the juggler mean? ”
 A *rhyme*, good Sir,—won't this divert your spleen?
 Yes; if I judge aright, the jingling art
 Will ever hold its influence o'er your heart,
 And, where it cannot merit better praise,
 Your joco-critic smile full surely raise.
 All this in view, I snatch the grey-goose quill,
 And fearless mount the high Parnassian hill,
 Where frail mortality much gentler feels
 The load of earth, which clogs her mental wheels;
 Where, verging on the giddy moon's domain,
 Ten thousand whimsies croud the tumid brain;
 And often what we raptur'd Bards indite
 Bears such resemblance to our heav'nly site,

Now

* The direct opposition of some sentiments in this epistle and the last may perhaps be thus properly accounted for.—It is said, that every seven years make an alteration in our opinions; which time is about the difference of their dates. Something also may be attributed to poetical exaggeration, but probably more to that infirmity of human nature, which makes us generally dissatisfied with the advantages of our present situation, and too anxious for those we imagine connected with another.

(Now deck'd with stars, which flame from pole to pole,
 Now plung'd in clouds where bick'ring thunders roll,
 So strangely various, so exceeding high)
 That few attempt its myst'ries to descry,
 Save our rare selves, who handle, now and then,
 The brush, the chissel, fiddle-stick, and pen.—
 In proof of this, let any other man
 Expound the last two distichs if he can.—
 No,—'tis in vain; as well might I or you
 Attempt to read the symbols of PERU,
 Or with the lingo spread o'er surgeon's boxes
 Cure earthquakes, agues, pestilence, and poxes.

Thus rais'd on high—(hence o'er the mighty track,
 I've lately form'd, enabled to look back)
 My duteous Muse shall forthwith take in hand
 To 'noint * the Low-Dutch picture you demand;
 Tell of my jaunt each happ'ning good or ill-a,
 And how I found myself when at my Villa.

Though many a curse, if curses could avail,
 I owe to that new fashion'd kind of Jail,
 Which on four wheels a savage Turn-key drives
 From town to town, regardless of the lives
 Of those poor wretches, destin'd by hard fate
 To farm breech-room within its odious grate,
 Where sleepless nights, extortion, and foul smells
 Might vie with Newgate's most abandon'd cells;—
 Though ev'ry Briton fir'd with Freedom's cause,
 Who ought of fit and decent usage knows,
 Who feels one lib'ral sentiment within,
 Will curse, I say, this anti-christian gin;—
 Yet truth must own, to th' credit of LAD-LANE,
 One rule's observ'd, that's thoughtful and humane:

In

* From *anoint*, a cant word at that time current between the parties.

In Town by *day* it lands its country fare,
 To heal their jolts with city fights so rare;
 But when compell'd to bid these charms adieu,
 A *midnight* stage receives the fobbing crew;
 Judging full well, that none, who rightly know
 The num'rous joys your affluent scenes bestow,
 Would, in the brilliance of the living day,
 Let twice six horses drag their corps away.—
 Thus oft 'tis seen, urg'd by some morbid ill,
 We shut our eyes to gulp the bitter pill.

Crack goes the whip,—and now our motley throng
 From th' TWO-NECK'D-SWAN is hurrican'd along;
 But all so drowsy, shy, or very dull,
 Of beer so void, or of the spleen so full,
 That,—tho't may seem a riddle to relate,
 When each half-minute had its *tête à tête*,
 And many a member mov'd against the will,—
 Few Dutchmen's tongues were ever held more still;
 Save when th' old pavement with a jolt would raise
 A heavy *curse* against all *wicked ways*,
 Or make some female feelingly remark,
 'Tis sad dull work to *travel* in the dark.

Now pass'd the walls of that renowned place,
 Where W—F—D lodges his New-river grace,
 Whose purging waters, issuing day by day
 Along the pipe of his adopted clay,
 (Or copious turn'd on three laborious Gins *)
 Hie to each boghouse of your secret sins;
 And—grant your faith be strong and 'haviour civil—
 Sweep their contents down FLEET-DITCH to the D—l;
 Here, smoothly urg'd along the level sand,
 (Heedless of lamps which smile on either hand)

Each

* Three deputy preachers, whose names it is not material to remember.

Each speechless Soul, if haply not asleep,
 Or views its cares in melancholy deep,
 Back to dear LONDON in the spirit goes,
 Or drowns a sigh beneath a louder nose.
 And while this fit of doleful dumps obtains,
 And o'er both bonks dread recollection reigns,
 (Since from without our subject lacks supply)
 Suppose we inward turn the Muse's eye.
 Thus then your Friend, to saddest notes attun'd,
 His heart-strings smote, and with himself commun'd.

“ Well; 'tis atchiev'd.—Thy city-jaunt at last
 Is at an end, and all its glory past.—
 What life's best prime has labour'd to attain,
 What Hope apply'd to heal each anxious pain,
 The sole reward which fancy held to view,
 For years mispent where taste but visits few,
 Cheerless neglect still round thy pathway fix'd,
 And Friendship's smiles with baneful Envy mix'd,
 At length's enjoy'd;—and now before thy eyes
 In all its gloom thy old appointment lies,
 Without one glimpse of some excursion dear,
 Its low dull tracks of fordid toil to cheer.
 No,—never more shall LONDON's polish'd stage
 Thy Soul's warm movements at its will engage;
 In comic scenes extatic glee impart;
 Or melt the softer regions of the heart
 With all the sweet luxuriancy of woe,
 The tender pangs of sympathy bestow.
 No more shalt thou those wond'rous works survey,
 The Arts profusely at each step display;
 Where genius, fancy, beauty's ev'ry line
 In sweet assemblage crown the fair design;
 Where half the pow'rs, which dignify the mind,
 Alone the objects of their joys can find:

G

Whether

Whether it be the dome's stupendous round,
 The breathing stone, or choirs well mingled found;
 The pictur'd canvass starting into life,
 Or Art and Nature's more engaging strife,
 Seen in the rural elegance, which gleams
 Along the banks of THAMES's silver streams;
 Where groves, and glades, the sweets of fairest flow'rs,
 Unnumber'd villas, and unnumber'd bow'rs
 Conspire to prove, if e'er the fancy'd tales
 Of fields Elysian, and Arcadian vales
 Were realiz'd—AUGUSTA, thou may'st say,
 Thy sylvan meads this wond'rous scene display.

But hopeless views like these unfold not all
 The swarm of ills, that on this trip must fall,
 Though, haply, mail'd in philosophic pride,
 The rest may harmless o'er thy jacket glide;
 Or,—(while unhurt the nobler parts within)—
 At worst, but slightly irritate the skin.
 From ever hank'ring after chissel'd stone,
 Some raree-shew, or bag-pipe's sleepy drone,
 A gew-gaw form'd of fir-deal, rags, and paint,
 A pea-foop supper, or conundrum quaint,
 And most perversely shunning night and day
 The nobler rounds, which signalize the gay,
 Which ope the mind, rub off all vulgar rust,
 And give to life a most enchanting gust;—
 Seldom clean shirted, seldom in the suds,
 Unhackney'd in the ways of bucks and bloods;
 Not often found genteelly tipping fees,
 Where ROCK * attends his court of *common* pleas;
 Nor whisp'ring love-tales, like a gallant swain,
 To the sweet nymphs y-clep'd of DRURY-LANE;—
From

* A quack Doctor of this name, noted for curing a certain fashionable disorder.

From thus, my Friend, expending all thy time,
 Soon as thy feet retouch their native clime,
 Instead of sharing that much wish'd return,
 That balm of toil, for which most bosoms burn,
 Clung round by visitants, all eye, all ear,
 To scan thy out-lines, and thy legends hear,
 Devoutly gaping for some happy pause,
 To cry, how strange! and murmur soft applause;—
 Instead of this, I say, expect to trace
 Cold disregard imprinted in each face;
 While female clubs around their Delphic tea,
 And barber's shops, with one accord agree,
 That sure a two years * residence in town,
 Ne'er left such glaring reliëts of a clown.
 Alas! say they, besides his lifeless eyes,
 Unalter'd walk, and hat's enormous size,
 'Tis really odds he does not know how far
 The LORD-MAYOR'S house stands west of TEMPLE-
 BAR;
 And whether, bound from th' CHANGE to CLERKEN-
 WELL,
 'Tis best to go by WAPPING or PALL-MALL.
 He ne'er descants on DUNSTAN'S noted clock,
 And how his brethren render knock for knock;
 Describes a jolly bout in FETTER-LANE,
 Who first gave up, and who the last was slain;
 Nor at what tavern, though damn'd stale the wine,
 Each foul agreed the lobster sauce was fine.
 In short, so little has he got to say,
 Such want of taste his thread-bare cloaths display,
 That had not several friends of his declar'd
 They heard him once---(with claret, though, prepar'd)—

G 2

Unfold

* My Friends here are supposed to include an exaggerated
 estimate of the time I was at LONDON once before.

Unfold at large in comely kitchen phrase,
 Whence Chelsea-buns deserve their peerless praise,
 Who could believe, but somewhere in the crown
 Pure Mopishness had "mark'd him for her own?"

Thus, thus, hast thou, to spend a few short days,
 Where genuine Taste her num'rous charms displays,
 Expos'd thy judgment to eternal sneer,
 And spent the fruits of many a tedious year;
 Given ev'ry care, which indigence surrounds,
 New pow'r to urge and multiply its wounds;
 Life's prospects darken'd, and"—Here with a crash,
 While one cries day, down drops the jingling fash.
 Rous'd at the sound, and anxious for the view,
 Fresh life inspires our melancholy crew;
 And straight succeeds a plenitude of chat,
 Of th' time o'day, the place we now were at,
 The weather, roads;----which, since you were not by,
 And can't these secrets know so well as I,
 The civil Muse shall all your guesses spare,
 And in three words each mighty truth declare.
 FINCHLEY the place—the skies were darkly clad—
 Near seven our watches—and the roads damn'd bad.
 Now though, through some of Nature's kinder clay,
 All round me brighten'd with the bright'ning day,
 And social Mirth (with lineaments as bland,
 As if the coach were rattling down the Strand)
 Dropp'd o'er their cares oblivion's softest dew,
 And swept dear LONDON far from Fancy's view;
 Yet such my gloom, each joke or sprightlier strain
 I found all tuneless dissonance and vain,
 And that no sun, on such a heath, could ever
 Exhale the meagrim from my spleen and liver.

Bright Sol now rose;—perhaps you'd like to know,
 What curious *works* his Godship had to shew.

Why

Why, Sir, the right-hand window bounded in
 The greasy semblance of a dull *POUSSIN*;
 While through the left a troop of Gipsies made
 The filthiest *CALLOT*, that was e'er display'd.
 And as to Sculpture (though advanc'd on high
 We find its works to catch the *beeâlefs* eye)
 All it could boast were pitiful remains
 Of five poor Bronzes * dangling in their chains.
 In such a case, no *trait* of comfort near,
 You'll guess the feelings of a Connoisseur,
 Nor wonder that his spirits were so flat,
 Still like mum-chance he 'mong his comrades sat,
 Except, when almost burst he'd vent his spleen
 'Gainst some appendage of the poor Machine;
 Or in the words of favourite *MILTON* cry,
 " O hide me, hide me from day's garish eye."

Here, having had sufficient time to scan
 Whate'er of *outward* signaliz'd our clan;
 Nor wanted *footh* † of heart-unfolding din,
 To form some notion of what lay *within*,
 Perhaps, you think, the Muse will next apply
 Her *Dramatis Personæ* to the eye;
 Unfold minutely ev'ry living thing,
 That bobb'd a head in this loquacious ring;
 From grave Sir Bumpkin in his worsted cap,
 To th' monkey smirking on my Lady's lap;
 Give all that past of speeches and adventures,
 Cloath'd in *clean* wit from true Shandean tenters;
 Where each elaborate thread of various stain
 Is stretch'd to th' utmost inch, and dy'd in grain.
 But, dearest Sir, though such light summer-stuff,
 If leisure serv'd, I'd work you fast enough,

G 3

Yet

* The Gibbets.

† From *fulib*, a good north-country word for *plenty*.

Yet, at this time, your goodness must excuse
 From tasks like these a half exhausted Muse;
 Who having much to say, when she attends
 Your humble servant to his country friends,
 And sent above two hundred lines to pot,
 Though on her journey scarce o'er FINCHLEY got,
 Conceives it best, to ease her arm and fiddle,
 We slightly touch what appertains the middle;
 There leave your fancy elbow-room to play,
 And guess the thousand fine things we could say;
 While this short *gigs* hoity-toity vein
 Forms the transition to our farewell strain.

From first to last 'twas here and there a town,
 A slough, a foot-pad, or a bridge thrown down,
 A scream, a bounce, a pray'r, a queerish song,
 Ho! Coachman, stop, or damn you drive along,
 To bed, to board, to stool, now out, now in,
 Jog, jog, a-jog (ye Gods!) through thick and thin.
 At length howe'er (though something sinew-grown,
 And eke benumb'd, yet free from broken bone)
 Quite safe and *sound* (for which I thank thee, Fortune)
 Your Friend salutes his homely house at B——N.

Not better form'd another's woe to feel,
 Than well acquainted with each secret wheel,
 Each master-spring, and counteracting part,
 Which guide the faithful index of my heart,
 You've figur'd to yourself, ere this, how low,
 How mighty flat I felt my spirits grow,
 When, calmly seated near my native hob,
 A listless hand perus'd an empty fob,
 And ev'ry moment, almost ev'ry sense,
 Prov'd dearest LONDON twelve score miles from hence;
 While busy Foresight would, in grim array,
 Full many a gloomy tablature display,

Where

Where care, neglect, obscurity's dull round,
And curs'd quill-flogging without end were found.

When in the hurry of the town immers'd,
(Each cheerless thought far from my soul dispers'd)
And lightsome spirits with disporting reins,
And speed unusual, bounded through my veins;
When, at the magic of each raptur'd glance,
Ambition started from her drowsy trance,
And, all alive, with fancy'd Fame in view,
Would many a pleasing reverie pursue;
Call to rememb'rance ev'ry flatt'ring word,
Which Friends like you have on my Muse confer'd,—
Then---(like a penitential boy chastis'd
For some neglect by indolence devis'd)
I'd promise to myself, by all that's good,
Henceforth each lazy fit shou'd be withstood;
No more, indiff'rent to the voice of Praise,
Shou'd passive ease consume my younger days,
But with assiduous care each leisure hour
I'd give to Fancy's fair creative pow'r;
In numbers softly querulous relate
Some rural lover's most unhappy fate;
O'er the cold grave of some companion dear
Pour the warm gush of Pity's soothing tear;
Or 'mid the actions of a loftier strain
Some latent movement of the soul explain:
Then, chang'd the scene, to more laborious toil,
And greater aims devote the midnight oil;
With studious care attempt to analyze
Some truth long hid from philosophic eyes;
Some law of taste, some passion's mystic sway
Unfold to science, and unerring day.

Thus would I write, and print, and boldly claim
A spice of that dear meed y-clepped Fame;

While snug behind the rubricated glass,
 The envious wits might view me as they pass,
 Decking the bound'ries of as large a square,
 As falls to HOMER's, or TOM DURFY's share.

Though few admire the reformation trade,
 These were not all the bold resolves I made;
 To the first duties of aspiring Man,
 With NAÏH-like zeal I stretch'd the pious plan.
 Since you, who study limbs, I've known declare
 My person dapper, though of rustic air,
 And that with proper pains, 'twas ten to one,
 To grace my carriage something might be done;
 'Twas also fix'd henceforth two hours per day,
 On this same bus'ness should be—thrown away;
 Your ornate attitudes, your easy swims,
 The nameless charms of well contrasted limbs,
 I'd learn with care, and load my dressing room
 With puffs, pomatum, wash-balls, and perfume;
 Till through the polish, that must needs accrue
 From frequent contact with the well-bred few,
 Basking i'th' luitre of fine Ladies' eyes,
 Or, soften'd with the moisture of their sighs,
 I was become a most accomplish'd *crater*,
 A sweet, dear Man,—a modish *petit-maitre*.

But these resolves from first to last were vain,
 Mere puff engender'd in a town-struck brain:
 For with the converse of a sordid race,
 My old dull bus'ness in an old dull place,
 The love of ease, indiff'rence, and delay
 I feel return with undiminish'd sway;
 Hope shades her prospects, Emulation dies,
 And from my bosom all Ambition flies.

Howe'er, my Friend, though such my present fate,
 (Nor brighter days may in reversion wait)

Think

Think not I shall its humble scenes bemoan,
 Or live unblest'd, because to Fame unknown: *
 For since I've long to temp'rate bounds assign'd
 Each vainer project of the youthful mind;
 And long (assisted by Religion's page,
 Philosophy's deep truths, and maxims sage)
 Life's rougher paths with calm composure trod,
 Nor favour hop'd, which came not from my God;
 Long known (what folly but permits to few)
 The World's fantastic blessings from its true,—
 If no dire ill, nor hopeless soft distress
 In those I love, too much my soul oppresses,
 While I have health to taste a simple meal,
 Nor want's chill blasts too near my cottage feel;
 While good and virtuous men my life approve,
 Some few esteem me and my favourites love,
 I cannot but enjoy, in fate's despite,
 A plenteous cup of rational delight.

Do not the flow'rs, that in our meadows bloom,
 Copious as others breathe their sweet perfume?
 Do not our plains with ev'ry charm extend?
 As other skies, our skies sublimely bend?
 And does not Nature's undiminish'd art,
 Her plastic laws, the movements of the heart,
 The wond'rous myst'ries of the Soul divine,
 In this far region, as in others shine?
 Hence industry may stores exhaustless find
 To entertain the philosophic mind.

Here virtuous friendships take the deepest root,
 And round the breast the fairest blossoms shoot;
 And, tir'd with brighter scenes, the mental eye
 Here ever finds refreshing softness nigh;

That

* This has some allusion to a question put to the writer by
 his Friend a little before they parted,

That green simplicity of soul, that ray
Of heav'n-drawn truth, rough Nature's sons display,
And which I still must love beyond the state
Of all the gaudes, on splendid Greatness wait.

If some diviner melancholy pour
Her pleasing shadows o'er a penfive hour,
Then may the Soul, in some fond shepherd's eye,
The kindred gloom of wayward love espy;
Muse on the sordid aims, the bootless strife,
With which th' unconscious Rustic dreams through life;
Or meditate what crouds, mere bread to gain,
Year after year incessant toil sustain;
Each nobler movement of th' ingenuous breast,
Each tow'ring thought, by indigence repress'd:
Or, while chill age, disease, and with'ring care,
In Fancy's eye, their drooping strength impair,
At her command, that awful day may rise,
When Death relentless sweeps them from our eyes;
When ev'ry pleasing fond pursuit is o'er;
When weary nature can complain no more,
And o'er their mem'ries, as they ne'er had been,
Oblivion shuts her everlasting scene:—
Then, while their fate calls forth the ready tear,
Prophetic gloom will see my own appear.

But if redundant spirits beat th' alarm,
And nought but gay festivity can charm,
(Each spleenful Pow'r retreated far away,
As guilty spectres shun the rising day)
Amid these vales unrival'd scenes we find,
To entertain and cheer the studious mind.
Hard by the Winter's hearth, whose ruddy rays
Genial and soft around the cottage blaze,
See a blyth group with various arts defy
The long, long night, and bleak inclement sky;

See

See ev'ry cheek content's gay transports wear;
 See mirth's pure lustre in each eye appear;
 While some old shepherd's legendary song,
 Th' intriguing tale, maids never think too long,
 Or antic gambols of a livelier band,
 The pleas'd attention in their turns command.
 Or see, by Summer's gentler zephyrs drawn,
 The mirthful throng assembled on the lawn,
 What time (concluded ev'ry rural care)
 The shades of eve refresh the sultry air;
 See, seated on the turf, the chearful Old
 The sportive group with kindling joy behold;
 While Mem'ry oft looks back on ancient time,
 Their youthful loves, and blyth advent'rous prime;
 While the shrill pipe and tabor's doubling sound
 With jocund accents fill the groves around,
 And many a pair, dispos'd in meet array,
 The sprightly movements of the dance essay.
 Then, as the social pow'rs more copious roll
 Their fervours sweet around th' expanding soul,
 Behold young Nature's unpolluted fire
 Glance in each eye, and kindle soft desire;
 O'er ev'ry face joy's cherub lustre move,
 And fix the marks of happiness and love.
 But hold!—My Friend, if mirth and heart-felt glee
 Still touch your soul, complete these traits for me;
 The favourite piece eludes my nicest care;—
 'Tis yours to charm where Poets must despair.
 Yes, yours to charm.----To what indulgent Heav'n
 Has tow'rd's thy art most bountifully giv'n,
 (The nicest knowledge of th' impassion'd face,
 Conceptions true of dignity and grace,
 Colours from beauteous Nature, clear and chaste,
 A flowing pencil, industry, and taste)
 Let but experience add th' unerring line,
 The purer laws of classical design,

Nor

Nor doubt to emulate what we admire
 In GUIDO's grace, CORREGIO's soften'd fire,
 The num'rous charms, which VANDYKE's tints display,
 And be the REYNOLDS of thy latter day.*

Mean time may all your labours meet success,
 Health still attend you, and good spirits bless!
 Then, when, the brush thrown by, some demi-gloom,
 A lord-knows-what confines you to your room;
 When rains beat round as if they rain'd in spite,
 No picture auctions in PALL-MALL invite,
 And all that Wit can either do or say
 For once wants force to drag you to the play;—
 Then, should old Friends and scenes of youthful joy
 Come o'er your mem'ry, and your thoughts employ,
 And

* The above epistle was written in 1769. Since which time the ingenious Artist, to whom it is addressed, has visited ITALY, with a view to profit by an accurate study of those celebrated performances in painting, for which it is so much fam'd. On his return I am greatly pleased and flattered to see this little complimentary prediction strengthened, or rather confirmed, by another from the pen of a conspicuous writer; whose works do not more evidently display a *humanity*, which must constitute the warmest friend, than a *taste*, which must form the ablest judge. In the dedication to MR. R—— of one of the *Odes* just published by this author, he thus expresses himself. “ You carried out a disinterested passion for your art, with faculties which this country hath rarely given birth to; and you return from your travels with some specimens of so auspicious a sort, that when encouragement shall provoke your genius to its full display, we are persuaded you will rank with the first masters of the highest province and best age of painting.” The publication here alluded to is, *Odes* by MR. CUMBERLAND; where, besides this honorary tribute to the genius of a country-man, my little circle of readers may have the pleasure of seeing some of the natural beauties peculiar to these northern provinces recognised in the genuine strains of lyric poetry.

May 25th, 1776.

And housewife fingers from a snug bureau,
 To aid the feast, your Northern packets draw,
 Among the rest 'tis hop'd the present chime,
 This flimsy fillabub whip'd up in rhyme,
 Will help to keep (like slip-flops or a jelly)
 The hungry winds from wambling in your belly.
 Flimsy!—Avaunt!—I can't admit a doubt,
 Though thin the meal, you'll quarrel with the clout;*
 Secure to please, whate'er its merits be,
 That 'twas well meant, and that it came from me,

Your faithful friend,

and servant,

W. C. }

* Alluding to one of our homely proverbs.



EPITAPH,

E P I T A P H,

INTENDED FOR THE WRITER'S PARENTS,

If at any time hereafter he should be induced to raise a tomb-stone to their memory, in that part of the Church-yard wall, near which they are interred.—The design is to cut on the top of a plain upright stone the following inscription, and below it to fix a brass plate with the subsequent verses engraven upon it, in two equal columns.—As something of an apology for what many may attribute more to the incitements of *vanity* than *affection*, these lines are subjoined to this account, and which would have formed the beginning of the epitaph, had not its unusual length rendered it improper to retain them:

D E E M not, ye titled few, the effort bold,
That courts attention to this humbler mold:
Still keep in mind, o'er palaces and plains,
O'er kings and slaves one gen'ral nature reigns;
All give due honours to the good and just;
All with affection weep parental dust,
And oft some *vain* alloy must all impart,
To fix the richer produce of the heart.

The Inscription.

NEAR THIS PLACE LIE THE REMAINS OF

M———E C——N,

AND ELIZABETH HIS WIFE,

DAUGHTER OF J——N C——D, LATE OF H——'S M——L.

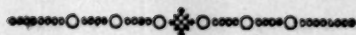
HE DIED DECEMBER XIII, MDCCLIV,

AGED XLII YEARS.

SHE DIED JANUARY XIII, MDCCLXX,

AGED LIV YEARS.

ON

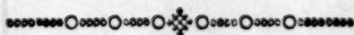


ON THE FIRST COLUMN OF THE PLATE.

YE, who around these gloomy mansions stray,
 Pleas'd to peruse the fond sepulchral lay,
 Omit not this.—If fair unspotted life,
 Each duty prov'd of parent, husband, wife;
 If ceaseless care, to make their offspring good,
 Each lure of vice as constantly withstood,
 If---(that worst failing of the village swain)—
 Detraction foul did ne'er their lips prophane;
 If feeling bosoms, undebas'd by pride;
 If patience calm, with much affliction try'd;
 Ingenious minds, of no inferior sense;
 Manners soft form'd, still loath to give offence;—
 If these e'er claim'd the monumental tear,
 Truth will attest they should be written here.
 —And ye lamented Shades, to whom we raise
 This tablet fond of well-deserved praise,
 If, as your own, you deem its honours vain,
 For Virtue's sake accept the pious strain;
 'Twill thus mix sweetly with the hymns of love;
 Now aid your transports in the realms above.

ON



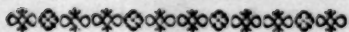


ON THE SECOND COLUMN OF THE PLATE.

SINCE serious truths, by serious scenes impress'd,
 To surest purpose penetrate the breast,
 Here mark these few; nor you, ye young and gay,
 Who most might profit, chide the length'ning lay.
 Know, amplest hoards can ne'er content bestow,
 Nor titles ought avail the bed of woe;
 That hope's bright prospects, all the smiling throng
 Of heart-felt joys to innocence belong;
 That in meek minds, unknown to baleful sloth,
 The Christian virtues make the fairest growth;
 That med'cine's stores can no elixir yield,
 Like temp'rate meals, amid the active field;
 That truest wealth, the most inviting fame,
 Are mental treasures, and a spotless name.
 These maxims prov'd, so shall you happy live,
 And taste what bliss precarious life can give;
 So shall you happy die; your offspring share
 The best inheritance you could prepare;
 Sound mind, firm health, deriv'd without decline,
 And the high honours of a blameless line.

INSCRIPTION,





I N S C R I P T I O N ,

To the memory of the writer's Brother, as intended to be
cut below the plate.

NEAR THIS PLACE ALSO LIES INTERRED,

THEIR THIRD SON

J—N C——N.

A YOUTH WHOSE BEHAVIOUR WAS WORTHY

THE EXAMPLE OF HIS PARENTS ;

WHILE HIS PROMISING ACQUIREMENTS,

AND AMIABLE DISPOSITION

WERE A DAILY RECOMPENCE

FOR THEIR TENDERNESS AND CARE.

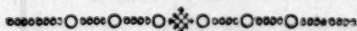
HE DIED APRIL XVII, MDCCLXIII,

IN THE XXI YEAR OF HIS AGE.

* * Though criticism has justly determined, that monumental inscriptions should not in general be long, yet particular circumstances may licence a departure from this rule. The Church-yard, for which the above tombstone is designed, contains but few of these written memorials, and none which aim much beyond a plain register of names and dates. On this account it was imagined the lines in the former of the above epitaphs would not appear too tedious to their readers. Nay, since experience shews, that " A verse may meet him, who a SERMON flies," it was also hoped, that a poetical enumeration of some of the most serviceable maxims in rural life might be thus infused into the minds of several, whose education and other opportunities could not be supposed to render them altogether needless.—This was the reason for burthening the plate with the second column of verses, and making *critical* considerations give way to *moral*.

H

ON THE



ON THE DEATH OF J—S W—N,

LATE FARMER OF D——N H—L.*

AT Friendship's call the last kind debt to pay,
 And pour o'er THYRSIS' tomb the grateful lay,
 "Sorrowing I catch the reed."—When first in youth
 I felt the charms of scientific truth,
 And in its search, too ardently intent,
 Full oft the hours of needful leisure spent;
 When no distrust, amid these darksome fields,
 How scant the gleam neglected Science yields,
 Condemn'd, as vain, the waste of midnight oil,
 Repress'd its visions, or abridg'd its toil;—
 'Twas THYRSIS then the latent turn espy'd,
 And to its growth each fost'ring art apply'd;
 Inspir'd with praise, unfolded what he knew,
 Or zealous fought the truth-directing clue.
 'Twas THYRSIS oft partook those sacred hours,
 (To Friendship sacred, and her lonely bow'rs)
 When young aspiring lips, without controul,
 Unfold each vainer image of the soul;
 Disclose those hopes, those schemes, we ever find
 The softest flatt'ers of the youthful mind.
 And though perhaps, in Science' vast domain,
 Each nobler region was explor'd in vain;
 Though, after years of ceaseless ardour spent,
 Our conquests poor, or trifling in extent;
 Yet, from this little thus amusive seiz'd,
 'T' little bosoms, with a little pleas'd,
 Soft flew the hours, each genuine rapture rose,
 Fair Science round the humblest object throws.

Grateful

* He died 16th April 1771, aged 81 years.

Grateful for this, a much indebted Muse
 Her youthful footsteps from thy tomb reviews;
 And midst the sighs their long-lost scenes bestow;
 The tears, which now attend her recent woe,
 Thus fondly strives---(such meed is Nature's claim)---
 To shield from death thy ever-worthy name.—
 Yes, thou wast worthy, if in dealings fair,
 The temp'rate meal, the pilgrim still might share,
 A breast, by fordid int'rest never sway'd,
 A tongue, which no insidious views betray'd,
 An arm, devoted to its country's cause,
 A faith, well vers'd in Scripture's weighty laws,
 A kind, a free, an open, gen'rous heart,
 The friend of virtue and each learned art;—
 If aught of worth in these rare features shine,
 Whate'er thy failings, genuine worth was thine.
 Rest then in peace, till Heav'n's all-righteous day
 End one fond purpose of this friendly lay;
 With joy divine, no mortal verse may tell,
 Reward those virtues thou hast prov'd so well.

A C O M P A R I S O N.

WITH CRITO walking late we spy'd
 ('Twas in his pleasure-ground)
 A SPRUCE high bred, and to its side
 A humbler WILLOW bound.

The gentle SPRUCE was meant to gild
 An artificial grove,
 Where plants from many a distant field
 Their branches interwove.

But better to support each blast,
 Might harm its tender make,
 'Twas prudent judg'd to tie it fast
 To some more hardy stake.

H 2

Such

Such was, as obvious marks display'd,
 The WILLOW's form and use,
 When first it had the honour paid
 To live so near a SPRUCE.

But now, when three times genial spring
 Has clad each grove in green,
 And nature's mildest, healthiest wing
 Has fann'd each rural scene;

Observe how diff'rent o'er the lawn
 These plants their limbs diffuse;
 What diff'rent nurture each has drawn
 From soft'ring gales and dews!

The STAKE, which once with many a wound
 Seem'd dead as dead might be,
 Strange renovation! now is found
 A perfect beauteous tree.

Nor could its LORD's unusual scent,
 Which turpentin'd the air,
 Nor ceaseless hours of sad constraint
 Its vig'rous youth impair.

growth

Full health smiles on its glossy rind,
 With num'rous shoots array'd,
 Those shoots wave comely to the wind,
 And yield a grateful shade.

Not so the poor transplanted SPRUCE:—
 It found the alien plains
 No friendly nurture could produce,
 To amplify its veins.

And dwarfish o'er its branches few
 The annual shoot was seen;
 Nor oft it caught the verdant hue,
 Though call'd an *ever-green*:

But

But frequent would the eastern blast
Its inmost soul pervade,
And o'er its scanty foliage cast
The olive's deadly shade.

Thus poorly figur'd our young SMART,
In this strange soil and air;
So bootless prov'd each fost'ring art,
And all the planter's care.—

When we a while the nursling trees
Had carefully perus'd,
And observations, such as these,
Were at full length diffus'd,

CRITO, who loves to moralize,
And nature knows right-well,
In human life did soon devise
This striking parallel.

“ Have you not sometimes known, my Friend,
A fire of courtly breeding
A favourite son to COLLEGE send,
To finish off his reading?

And that, save books, no earthly thing
Should e'er his thoughts molest,
No menial cares their dampers fling
Athwart so soft a breast,

You've seen a youth, from nature's hand
Rough, humble, and sincere,
Procur'd to wait each high command,
And dangle in his rear.

Great hopes were entertain'd, no doubt,
When, vers'd in science' page,
So sweet a master would turn out
The wonder of the age.

H 3

But

But having long deprav'd his mind
 With childish raree-show,
 Each wish obtain'd of mamma kind,
 Which mamma could bestow;

All grave advice, and study drear
 So heartily he scorn'd,
 The half-read fop he first came there,
 He back again return'd:

Instead of algebra's crab'd signs,
 Philosophy and statics,
 Law, logic, geometric lines,
 Religion, and pneumatics;

A pretty wench, a ST. JOHN's pun,
 Some trip o'er college wall,
 A bottle, beef-steak, dog and gun
 To him were all in all.

Hence, though his pertness, now and then,
 Might charm a female ring,
 He seem'd throughout to wiser men
 A vapid, priggish thing.

Here to our Commoner's great worth
 Description bids adieu;
 And next begs leave to usher forth
 His waiting Boy to view.

Though humbly born, and hardly bred,
 Immur'd in darksome vales,
 Where Genius oft, in want's chill shed,
 Her hapless fate bewails,

He, from robust unpamper'd parts,
 Habitual toil and pains,
 In all the walks of all the arts
 A footing soon obtains.

Imperfect

Imperfect scraps of learning's book,
 A hint from nature shy,
 His mind would oft, with half a look,
 Accomplish and supply.

Nor could example's magic wand,
 Dīp'd in each Syren joy,
 Nor servitude's oppressive hand,
 His studious turn destroy.

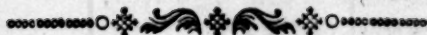
And when at length to gen'rous ears
 His worth a passage found,
 And hope foresaw life's future years
 With independence crown'd,

Religion, genius, virtue, truth,
 Whate'er a sigh inspir'd,
 Decrepit age, neglected youth
 In him a friend acquir'd.—

Now let our tale this moral shew
 To Learning's candid eyes,
 Not from *high* ancestry, but *low*,
 Her *best* of scholars rise.

And when again in classic ground
 Two wights like these you see,
 You'll recollect, I dare be bound,
 The SPRUCE and WILLow TREE."





THE
BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT;

A BALLAD.

'T WAS noon; and fierce flam'd over head
The beams of a midsummer-sun,
The herds to the covert were fled,
And the toils of the morning were done;
Repose threw its stillness around,
And hush'd were the songs of the spray,
The dry-hopper * glanc'd on the ground,
And the breezes were all fled away.

'Twas then, the fierce heats to evade,
That COLIN had fought the lone rill,
Where poplars flung deeply their shade,
And fancy might wander at will:
There, just as its fits would incline,
He'd vacantly pore on the spring,
Or mournful, with voice most divine,
Sing the song, which I now mean to sing.

“ 'Tis

* A provincial word for the luminous vapour, which seems to float on the surface of the earth in hot weather. Beautiful and singular as this appearance is, I cannot find that it has a name in any learned language. The term, however, though almost lost (for I have not heard it above twice, and then from old people) seems too pretty and poetical, not to deserve being revived, and adopted into pastoral description.

" 'Tis noon; and the morning is past;
 And quickly the night will succeed;
 Nor life, nor its seasons can last
 Beyond their short limits decreed:
 To limits their joys are confin'd,
 And Nature must dictate their sway,
 And what for the best she design'd,
 He's wisest, that best does obey.

O! how have my fortunes so coy
 Miss'd from the paths I approve,
 Nor hitherto let me enjoy
 The blessings of conjugal love!
 For Nature has made it the prime,
 The softest and best of her laws,
 And I feel, with a pang at the time,
 My bosom beat high in its cause.

O! how could I see undismay'd,
 My NOON-TIDE of life drawing nigh,
 And not of that loss be afraid,
 No offspring of Mind can supply!
 But yet—let me check the fond strain—
 Should its chidings touch nought but my heart?—
 Too true, if I rightly complain,
 The times and the sex should have part.

Yes, Shepherds and Nymphs, who so long
 Have sportively chid my delay,
 For a conduct so seemingly wrong
 Can a BACH'LOR have nothing to say?
 Can caution no scruples suggest?
 Does fate all our wishes fulfil?
 Have foibles no sway in the breast?
 Or can love be constrain'd by the will?

Ah,

Ah, no! and to motives like these
 'Twere kind the neglect to impute;
 To a station still fearful to please,
 Or a bashfulness fatally mute;
 To a taste too much form'd by the town,
 To a breast too much injur'd by care,
 To the dread of chill poverty's frown,
 And not to dislike of the Fair.

O Gold, that I us'd to disdain,
 How sharp thy repentment I find!
 How thy friendship I long to attain!
 For without thee what nymph will be kind?
 For fashion and high soaring views,
 The rounds of false pleasure bear sway,
 While virtue, good-sense, and the Muse,
 Have no charms for the Fair of the day.

But still let me hope, in the end
 Some Fair-one will banish her pride;
 And I from this bosom shall rend
 Whate'er its soft wishes might hide;
 That occasions will kindly combine,
 And love all its efforts supply,
 And make that dear happiness mine,
 For which I so frequently sigh.

Ye Nymphs, do not think, that because
 You see him so lowly a swain,
 Fond COLIN of lore little knows,
 Or he calls on the Muses in vain:
 With arts they have nurtur'd his mind,
 His thoughts can converse with the skies,
 And his breast is but too—too refin'd,
 For aught that his cottage supplies.

Yet,

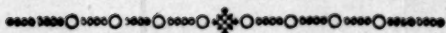
Yet, blest'd with the maid of his heart,
 That cottage a palace would shine,
 He'd bid petty murmurs depart,—
 For why should he longer repine?
 He knows,—and each Fair-one should know—
 Where'er our abode is decreed,
 The chief of all blessings below,
 From HEALTH, LOVE, and VIRTUE proceed.

Convinc'd of the truth of my lay,
 And arm'd for what cares may betide,
 Away, ye false phantoms, away!
 I'll now go and seek me a bride:
 Nor fear, but some nymph of the grove,
 Whose breast each fair sentiment warms,
 Will deign to accept of my love,
 And take a fond bard to her arms.

O then! if no better our fate,
 Contented I'll toil through the day;
 And at night some soft ditty relate,
 Which a smile from my Fair shall repay:
 Then Time clad in roses will seem,
 And his progress full happily prove,
 Whate'er a blind village may deem,
 That my heart is well model'd for love."

Thus COLIN rehears'd his complaint,
 Thus prov'd his poetical skill,
 Then fix'd as no language can paint,
 He ponder'd once more on the rill:
 But now from the poplars he spy'd,
 The breezes were springing again;
 So with HOPE, if not PEACE, by his side,
 He return'd to the toils of the plain.

ON



ON ITS BEING COMMONLY SAID,
THAT THE SUBLIME THEORY OF GRAVITY, DISCOVERED BY
SIR ISAAC NEWTON,
WAS SUGGESTED TO HIM
BY THE FALLING OF AN APPLE.

AS, through the breach of heav'n's primeval laws,
By MAN came death, with all its varied woes;
Yet---(such the gracious purpose of the skies)---
By MAN again his sleeping dust shall rise,
Shall wake, redeem'd to rectitude and joy,
No years can limit, and no chance destroy:
So, the contracted faculties of Mind,
With which ONE fatal Apple curs'd mankind,
Gain from ANOTHER more than human means,
To re-extend, and decorate her scenes;
On unknown science turn the sage's eye,
And ope new commerce with our kindred sky.
Hence Reason here angelic strength attains;*
Hence Man once more his Paradise regains;†
While *this* to give, and *that* with Arts adorn,
The WORD was sent us, and a NEWTON born.

ON

(* I. E. through the discoveries of SIR ISAAC.)

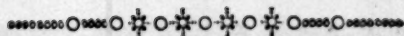
(† I. E. through the blessing of Redemption.)



ON HEARING A FLUTE AT A DISTANCE.

POUR'D through these summer-lawns on eve's still ear,
 How softly sweet yon distant notes appear!
 The dubious strain no imperfection shews,
 Lost each harsh touch, or fault'ring of the close;
 And, as the tuneful pantings breathe around,
 Thro' pure inherent energy of sound,
 Their thrilling falls the gentlest thoughts suggest,
 And fill with rapture high the feeling breast.—
 So, with like dear delight, the mind surveys,
 Through time's dim vale, the scenes of youthful days.
 Forgot whate'er could then our peace annoy,
 All wears the semblance of unchequer'd joy:
 And, as more closely drawn our kindred ties,
 The soft'ning soul sees new endearments rise,
 'Till ev'ry social fervency of heart
 In sweetest league their lenient joys impart.—
 And so, perhaps, fond Man shall pleas'd retrace,
 From heav'n's high domes, his old terrestrial race.
 No more the object frail of pain and fear,
 Each error cancell'd in Redemption dear,
 That vale, where nature first allur'd his eye,
 Shall, view'd from far, encreasing charms supply;
 Shall, as its series of events unrol,
 With gentlest musings captivate the soul.—
 Thus Fancy, still the friend of human joys,
 At Mem'ry's call her height'ning pow'r employs;
 Thus all her visions, e'en in realms divine,
 In time's soft gloom, like distant notes, refine.

MONODY,



M O N O D Y

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNCLE.*

A GAIN has Death with unrelenting hand
 Robb'd me of peace, and fill'd with tend'rest woe
 A breast too open to life's num'rous cares—
 And once again, ye soft Pierian maids,
 I fly for solace to the warblings sweet,
 Your plaintive Minstrels willingly impart
 At Sorrow's touch. For---save religious hopes---
 They best can sooth, best soften to repose
 The bitter pang, which waits a last farewell;
 The tear, which anguish pours upon the grave,
 Where worth unusual, virtue's fairest boast,
 A hapless, lov'd Relation sleeps in death.

O Memory! when some departed joy,
 Some musing hour suggests thy treasur'd scenes
 Of days long past, and years to be no more,
 How do they pain! with what a soft'ning gloom
 Come the dear visions o'er the pensive soul!

Honour'd and friendly Shade! If in the realms
 Of happiness supreme, where thou enjoy'st
 "Beatitude past utterance," this frail earth,
 Or aught its scenes afford, can touch the sense
 Of man made perfect, let forgiveness meet

Each

* O———r C———d, only son of J——N C———d, late of
 H——'s M——L. He died at HULL, June 19th, 1768, aged forty
 nine years, and by his own desire was buried at a new church a-
 bout a mile from that place.

Each vain rememb'rance of thy virtues here,
Each fond description of th' historic lay.

Ere, urg'd by some oppressive discontent,
For other climes thou left'st thy native fields;
What time, with dear PALEMON * (he to whom
I owe this being, and whose worth too long
Has been unhonour'd by the filial Muse)
On the soft turf of WAKEBAR's hoary rounds,
Plying in happiest league the shepherd's trade,
You oft on themes abstruse, or fancy-form'd,
Talk'd down the summer's sun; vacant of care,
With Nature's bloomy footsteps still in view,
Thought little of her shades, which pall too oft
The dreams of Fancy in the ripen'd mind,
And chide her curious wand'rings—Then it was,
When all beneath the rocky beach reclin'd
On the smooth bent, where clung in wreaths grotesque
The matted ivy, full many a time
The toys of infant years, the mimic crook,
Or scrip I'd throw aside, and gather close
To hear your learned tales—How GRECIA first
To the rude efforts of the fillet Arts
Gave truth and elegance, and taught the source,
Whence Beauty draws her many-mingled charms—
How, where her smiles ATHENIAN PALLAS spread,
Invigorated Genius in each walk
Verg'd on perfection—Bold inventive fire,
Imagination's most luxuriant dreams,
Subdu'd by judgment, and the sober laws
Of chaste simplicity, make their fam'd remains
The best exemplars of the great and fair—

How

* M———E C——N: He married the elder sister of the person lamented in these verses; was born at P——T H——N, and died at B——N, December 13th, 1754, aged forty two years.

How next, in all the bloom of ripen'd years,
 To LATIAN realms the migrant Goddess flew.
 There many a favour'd mind of thought sublime,
 Soft, delicate, or piercing (whose fond breast
 The love of beauteous nature and of praise
 Incessant warm'd) foster'd with happy care,
 And, in the various provinces of art,
 Match'd each fam'd Grecian with a Roman name.—
 Last how, with like effect, our western shores
 Enjoy'd the presence of the sacred Fair:
 While these bless'd Isles (where holy Freedom reigns,
 Enrich'd by commerce; where in countless forms
 Exub'rant Genius shoots its blossoms wild)
 Her favours chief receive, and hourly find
 Art's bright domain enhanc'd with prospects new.
 Nor were philosophy and arms deny'd
 Their hour of praise. Hence many a name renown'd,
 Which decks the classic page, or in the fane
 Of British worthies strikes th' admiring eye,
 You'd rapt'rously recount. But chief the Bards,
 The saunt'ring sons of harmony and ease,
 Whose hallow'd lips have touch'd th' inspiring stream
 Of sacred HIPPOCRENE, would warm your breasts,
 And wake congenial feelings. Instant then,
 Snatching the scroll, you'd tunefully recite
 Some favourite lay.—Prepar'd by themes like these,
 And form'd to vib'rate to the Muse's lyre,
 How would the dulcet strains pierce my young breast,
 And thrill through all my frame! For all would own
 PALEMON's voice was music's self, and well
 To suit each vary'd argument he knew,
 And touch peculiar sweet, at Passion's call,
 Th' expressive, manly, and according tones.

Thus many a summer's day I saw you spend
 In happiest amity. And when the sun

Behind

Behind the western hills began to droop,
 And in the neighbouring copse on some tall spray
 The blackbird rais'd his song, enthusiast like,
 You'd praise the simple strain, and with the looks
 Of pleas'd attention watch the sound, while o'er
 The woods of CURWEN old it sighing stole,
 Soft, and more softly, to the vales below.
 To me such praise seem'd quaint, or half in jest:
 For though what's *rare* still *ardently* allures
 The infant mind, and nascent passions glow
 At young Ambition's animating touch;
 Yet Nature's *common* charms, the *cool* delights
 Of deep creative Art, we but perceive
 When riper years the seeds of taste mature.
 Arriv'd at riper years, from this pure source
 Now all my pleasures unambitious flow.
 Thou, goddess Nature, art my favourite book,
 My Muse, companion, and a solace chaste
 Of many a care, which haunts the vale of life;—
 Now all thy charms enamour, nor in vain
 Thy blackbird pours its vespers from the spray.
 What thus I feel, PALEMON strongly felt,
 And He, the lov'd companion of his youth,
 Whose humble tale recalls the devious song.

What time around thy paths these rural joys
 Wove their soft movement, no oppressive care
 Heav'd thy pure breast; save when, at Nature's call,
 Some sad memorial usher'd to thy mind
 Thy ruin'd fortunes, and the num'rous woes,
 A hapless parent, tenderly belov'd,
 Amid their wreck endur'd. Then in thy prime
 With firm elastic step thou trod'st the green;
 In fairest form thy manly limbs were turn'd,
 And round no common symmetry of face
 Expressive shone the beauties of the mind.

I

A smile

A smile most heav'nly gracious ne'er deny'd
 The fruit of humblest worth; an eye still full
 Of lambent sympathy, when sad mischance,
 Or pity told their tale, improv'd the charms
 Of innate mildness, sanctity, and truth.
 Then foremost to appear, where decent mirth
 And rural sports were found, thou'd'st grace the dance,
 Urge through their long and much-fatiguing chace
 The antic morrice, or assiduous see
 The village garland deck'd with fancy meet.
 Then, as thou'd'st busy through the ranks proceed,
 No eye, 'but met thee with a friendly glance,
 No tongue, but prais'd thy graceful, meek address.

But while conspicuous thus thy merits shone,
 Perhaps some secret wish to raise once more
 Thy fortunes lost so late, or slighted love,
 Or some disgust, less easily defin'd,
 Urg'd thee abroad; to quit each kindred tie,
 And lonely wander to some stranger coast.
 In vain thy native fields woo thee to stay,
 With fondest smiles and every sylvan charm;
 The glad'ning prospects, which from WAKEBAR'S*
 heights
 Hang in the eye, where village, cot, and fane,
 And mead, and lawn, and wood, and glitt'ring stream,
 In endless repetition sweetly mix'd,
 Stretch o'er the plain; till those stupendous hills

Seen

* WAKEBAR, otherwise WEIKBER is part of a romantic Mountain, or Fell near B——N, whose surface is composed of large plots, precipices, and fragments of limestone-rock, interspersed with agreeable glades of grass (or *gladdens*, as the common people call them) applied to the pasturage of sheep; and from whence the WESTMORLAND and other Northern mountains magnificently terminate the view of a country pleasingly variegated with images of rural nature.

Seen to the north, which proudly swell around
 KIRKSTON and STICKLE, or the hoary rock,
 Whose aspect, form'd by Nature, to the mind
 Suggests some fortrefs of the fabl'd world,
 By giants habited; *—till smooth-fac'd ARNSIDE,
 The YEALAND TODHOW, and the beacon'd mount
 Of craggy WARTON, where the ocean's arm
 Just opens on the fight, and onward south
 Dark liny CLUGHA's ever-gloomy brow
 Obstruct the spacious view. This, nor all these,
 (Which oft thou'd'st praise with rapture, and the Muse
 But with reluctance quits)---the festive dance,
 With jocund mirth and rural beauty crown'd;
 The shepherd's reed soft echoing from the heights,
 As mov'd the panting breeze; the village tears;
 Nor, still more pow'rful, thy PALEMEN's voice
 Could tempt thee from thy too abrupt design.

'Tis done:—The tender separation's made:
 And, steady to thy views, full many a year
 Saw thee, in parts remote, industrious woo
 Capricious Fortune to thy frugal cell.
 But, ah! how vain each effort, each fond hope,
 Each joy erected on the wish'd success!
 True to the bent, which Nature ever gives
 Her genuine sons, 'twas still one favourite wish,
 Amid thy native fields, the well-known haunts
 Of innocence and youth, the hallow'd seats
 Of sacred contemplation and repose,
 To spend the eve of life, and calmly wait
 The dread approach of Death's unerring dart.
 'Twas still one hope, that Fortune would allow
 Thy lib'ral hand to glad the helpless poor,
 Decrepit, or forlorn; to sooth with smiles,

I 2

And

* WHITEARROW SCAR.

And flattering regard, the soul oppress'd
 With hopeless sorrow, or the piercing frown
 Of cruel Disappointment. But in vain:
 Like many hopes of mortal mould, these prov'd
 False and delusive. Fortune would not bless
 Thy honest labours with their meet reward;
 Nor were thy latter days allow'd to rove
 The paths of youth, and let the soften'd soul
 Enjoy at ease each old frequented spot,
 And woo its lov'd retirement. Once, indeed,
 Ere all thy cares found refuge in the grave,
 Affection urg'd thee to these kindred plains;—
 But, ah! how chang'd! how much unlike the gay,
 The fair ideal image of thy form
 My memory preserv'd! I saw thy steps
 With weariness pursu'd along the path,
 Which led thee pensive to thy native home.
 I saw thy sully'd garb: I mark'd thy eye
 Robb'd of its pristine lustre, and thy cheek
 Grown wan with care and years. O! how the sight
 O'erwhelm'd my soul! With what oppressive weight
 I felt the sad fragility of man,
 And all the futile vanities of life!
 These were apparent. Yet, as oft we find
 Among the imperfections, that attend
 Man's mortal state, Virtue's refulgent rays,
 Constant through life, illumine and dignify
 His every act; so, though impair'd with years
 Thy visage seem'd, still its peculiar smile,
 (Benignest effluence of the purest mind)
 O'er ev'ry line a lasting charm diffus'd.

Time swiftly flies, and pow'rful as 'tis swift,
 All Nature feels its unremitting sway.
 In life's frail state, like waves on ocean tost,
 Change after change succeeds. Thy absent years

Had

Had many wrought; and many, which would claim
 The sigh confociate with their darksome hue.
 But one more sad, ally'd to tend'rest thoughts,
 Call'd forth their farthest range. Now ev'ry grove,
 Once the gay scenes of Friendship's brightest joys,
 With faded splendour, at each pensive step
 Tells thee too true PALEMÓN is no more.
 In pity to his years of ceaseless pain,*
 And in reward of virtues, which not oft
 Unite their radiance in the human breast,—
 Patience long try'd amid afflictions dire;
 The social pow'rs with each fine feeling fraught,
 Improv'd by meekness, modesty and truth;
 A charity fram'd by the sacred page,
 Expanded as the skies, and pure as were
 The fair integrity and manly sense,
 Its precepts soften'd, where their laws condemn'd—
 For this high worth, by hopeless ills oppress'd,
 Heav'n had remov'd him from these dreary vales
 To the bright courts of never-ending day,
 Where now, in full fruition of their joys,
 You feel whate'er was amiable in man
 Ineffably matur'd; each faculty,
 Of nobler cast, to farthest thought indulg'd
 Its favourite object (Friendship's heighten'd charms,
 Truth's endless visions, without cloud display'd)
 And with the blooming Host participate
 Th' unutterable bliss of love divine.

Hard is the lot of those, to affluence born,
 Whom Fortune dooms with servile hands to earn

I 3

Precarious

* About his 20th year he lost his way one snowy night upon the mountain CAM, where he got a most severe surfeit of cold, which brought on an exceedingly singular and lasting disorder. As he was naturally of a very strong constitution, he supported its encreasing malignity for above twenty years in a manner, which surpris'd all that knew him.

Precarious bread; but still more hard the task
 At close of life, when fails the needful strength,
 And ebbing spirits cease to paint each scene
 With promis'd joy. This was thy fate severe.
 Yet not appall'd, nor murm'ring at its hue,
 Once more thou brav'st the world, and bidst farewell
 Forever to thy friends. But Nature now,
 With ills o'ercome, no longer can support
 The vital spark, and sad disease soon ends
 Each sick'ning care, that haunts this frail abode.
 Far from thy friends, amid incessant pain,
 Thou met'st thy last sad scene; and what still more
 Augments regret, too many reasons prov'd
 The hireling crew, who should have sooth'd thy bed,
 Were plund'ring wretches, vers'd in each deceit,
 Strangers alike to pity, and to thee.
 Thus sharp the conflict. Yet forget we not
 (What hard'ned perfidy applausive saw)
 The Christian triumph'd still. *That* champion Faith,
 Which nerv'd the souls of Martyrs; *that* pure Hope,
 Whose bodings high of Heav'n a foretaste give,
 Allay'd thy sorrows; and (did Reason rule
 O'er Nature's frailties) should allay our own.

Though in the gen'ral views of human life
 Its chequer'd scenes oft form one common shade,
 Yet some peculiar tinge, some master line
 Characterizes each, and without end
 Diversifies the fable map of man.
 And such, dear Saint, thy little artless tale;
 Such and so hapless he, whose suff'ring worth
 The Muse attempts to rescue from the grave,
 The region of oblivion, and transmit
 To times deep hid in ages yet unborn.
 Yes,—let her hope, from many a feeling breast,
 Congenial with her own (which loves to dwell

On tender Nature, and through all her stores
 Can trace th' appropriate images of grief)
 These warblings, simply fashion'd, will receive
 No trifling praise. Yes,—let her hope, full oft
 (Amid the rocky glades, where curling shoots
 The platted bracken,* and from num'rous rifts
 The hardy storm-beat favin creeps along)
 Some rural Genius will with pleasure trace
 The spot thus sacred made; where many a day
 PALEMON and his Friend (--our finish'd theme--)
 “ In happiest league talk'd down the summer's sun; ”
 And frequent saw their stripling poet watch,
 And feel, and ape, each strain of dorian mood:
 Where (bounded by innumerable hills,
 Cloud-piercing, and in awful grandeur pil'd,
 As in a circus) Nature's living scenes,
 With ev'ry beauty fraught, “ hang in the eye, ”
 And give to WAKEBAR half its sylvan charms.—

But this is vanity;—and all that springs
 From mortal soil is vain. Though these abodes,
 Warm with the chace of happiness, a while
 Claim kindred with fond man, and boast their charms;
 Empty, when try'd, are all their promis'd joys,
 Nor lasting in fruition. On this truth
 (In Wisdom's sacred volume foremost seen)
 The Christian takes his stand, and looks beyond
 The limits of this world, to other climes,
 Where joy in ev'ry smiling form partakes
 A bloom celestial fair, and permanent,
 As his blest word, whose purpose ne'er can fail:—
 Where, highly favour'd man, a charter'd right
 Reverfionary claims, through the dear love
 Of Him, call'd Wonderful; whom faith reveres

* A species of fern.

As God, the mystic sacrifice for sin,
 A Saviour full of might, and Prince of peace.
 Here too he needs must see (for from an eye
 Thus elevate what soothing truth is hid?)
 Compar'd with such inheritance, how vain
 Each worldly good! how very trifling all
 Our fond pursuits, and rounds of restless care!
 That though the passage to these blissful courts,
 In its last trying hour, present a scene
 To Nature terrible, yet 'tis not a pang
 Unfruitful of delight, nor to be wept,
 As sorrow without hope. Chear'd with this hope
 The Muse foregoes her warblings; I once more
 Mix with the busy world, resume its cares,
 Nor mourn, since HEAV'N their transient date succeeds,
 That EARTH has mis'ries, and that MAN—is MAN,



A D D R E S S

TO THE WRITER'S MUSE.

W HERE nought hath certainty or stay,
 The longest joys soon haste away;
 And Time, howe'er it wound the heart,
 Appoints that dearest friends must part.
 And now, lov'd Mistress of my youth,
 Tut'refs divine of song and truth,
 Now frowning Fate, and time's career,
 Have brought that tender period near,
 When, for a while, if not forever,
 Thou, dearest Muse, and I must sever.

Thee truly to enjoy, and stray
 With prosp'rous feet thy hallow'd way,

And

And let th' inventive pow'rs of soul,
 At will, their scenic stores unroll,
 No thoughts oppressive should molest
 The rising fervours of the breast;
 No present grief new shadows borrow
 From gloomy bodings of to-morrow.
 But though 'twas seldom mine to share
 The day unruffled with its care,
 Now, in unusual phalanx met,
 The ills of life my peace beset;
 Declining health new anguish brings,
 Dependence dread more sharply stings,
 And, as their num'rous fears invade,
 Neglect augments her chearless shade;
 While some, in friendship's mask, are found
 Still prompt to deal th' insidious wound.

Yet, though these ills depress the fire,
 That should re-animate the lyre,
 Yet, dearest Muse, should'st thou no more
 Indue me with thy tuneful lore,—
 Whate'er my fate in future be,
 I still with joy shall think on thee;
 Oft trace again, by mem'ry led,
 The fairy rounds we wont to tread;
 Again, all active, climb the hills,
 Or pause supinely near the rills;
 Then, while around us all is gay,
 Again adjust the dorian lay,
 Again the joys, in fancy, prove
 Of peace, of song, of youth, and love.

Thus while, with fond ~~reverted~~ eye,
 Remembrance can these scenes supply,
 As erst, on Nature's blooming face,
 Her nicer lineaments retrace,

With

With less regret I shall forego
 Those joys from new excursions flow,
 And with mute Contemplation dwell,
 And bid thy graphic arts farewell.

But let us hope for happier days:—
 (Hope still her beam benign displays)
 Let Fancy now, with *forward* eye,
 Her soothing portraitures apply.
 Yet, perhaps, to wake the lyre
 Kind inducements may conspire;
 Health with rosy wings return,
 High the tuneful ardour burn,
 Independence cheer the day,
 Baffled Envy sneak away,
 Patrons kind with smiles incite
 To try a more advent'rous flight.

Then (declining still to rove
 Through the shepherd's flow'ry grove,
 And such sweets as there abound,
 Damask on a past'ral ground;
 Better pleas'd with simple neatness,
 Than the wilder charms of greatness)
 Fields more copious we'll explore,
 Art and Nature's higher lore,
 And, to deck some bolder lay,
 Boldly from its shades convey.

With more of needful strength adorn'd,
 More curt and classically turn'd,
 Then the dulcet pow'rs of song
 (Heedless of the captious throng)
 Shall, at large, in conscious pride,
 Roll their unpolluted tide;
 Happy, if, amid the theme,
 Some novel tracts of thinking gleam,

Which,

Which, though but seen by nicer eyes,
Philosophy would not despise;
While from the heart, and in its cause,
Oft the strain expressive flows,
And now and then attracts the ear
(As humbler sentiments appear)
A note of pensive GRAY divine,
Or DRYDEN's strong resounding line.

But, if Fate these joys deny,
Though it cost a parting sigh,
Thou, Muse, no more must grace my cell,
And we forever bid farewell.

December. 1771:

* * *



P. S.



P. S.

H Y M N

SUNG BY THE CHARITY-BOYS, IN THE PARISH-CHURCH AT
LANCASTER ON SUNDAY THE 25th OF SEPTEMBER, 1774,
WHILE A COLLECTION WAS MAKING FOR THEIR BENEFIT.*

AS in the ambient starry train
Unequal radiance glows;
So various lots in life's domain
The GOD of life bestows;
All have their duties, all their ends,
Appointed to fulfil,
And happiest he, who best attends
The purport of his will.

The rich, in bounteous acts, should prove
They own their happy state;
While indigence, in thankful love,
Should better prospects wait;
And doubly, sure, the good will feel
The duty to impart;
Unless *those* give, *these* can't reveal
Their gratitude of heart.

Does

* This Hymn (though written *since* the date of the last piece) is inserted here at the request of a friend to fill up a remaining leaf.

Does Virtue pour her warmer meed
 Of animating praise?
 Do angels celebrate the deed
 With more triumphant lays?
 Does the best wreath, which Hope can weave,
 The christian brow adorn?---
 'Tis when our pitying hands relieve
 The helpless and forlorn.

But when (as late our lot)---combin'd
 Neglect and want assail;
 When vice usurps the passive mind,
 And sloth's rank seeds prevail;
 How god-like to instruct their youth,
 And virtuous nurture give;
 To fix their minds on heav'nly truth,
 And teach them how to live!

Tho' wealth may vain distinctions make,
 All own one God above;
 One common blessing all partake
 In mediatorial love;
 Our feelings urge one smile--one tear,
 One common race we run;
 Then, sure, in part, while station'd here,
 Our welfare should be one.

To You, whose pitying conduct shews
 How just You feel the lay,
 Who aid, well pleas'd, our infant cause,
 The humblest thanks we pay;
 To You---Yet to that BEING still
 Who loves the poor distress'd,
 Who with the means inspires the will,
 Be warmer strains address'd:

To

To HIM, alone to be ador'd,
Whence ev'ry blessing springs,
Faith's triune GOD, Hope's mighty LORD,
Th' eternal KING of KINGS,
Let the best praise these courts supply,
From age to age belong,
Till purer lips, in realms on high,
Resume the endless song.

F I N I S.



